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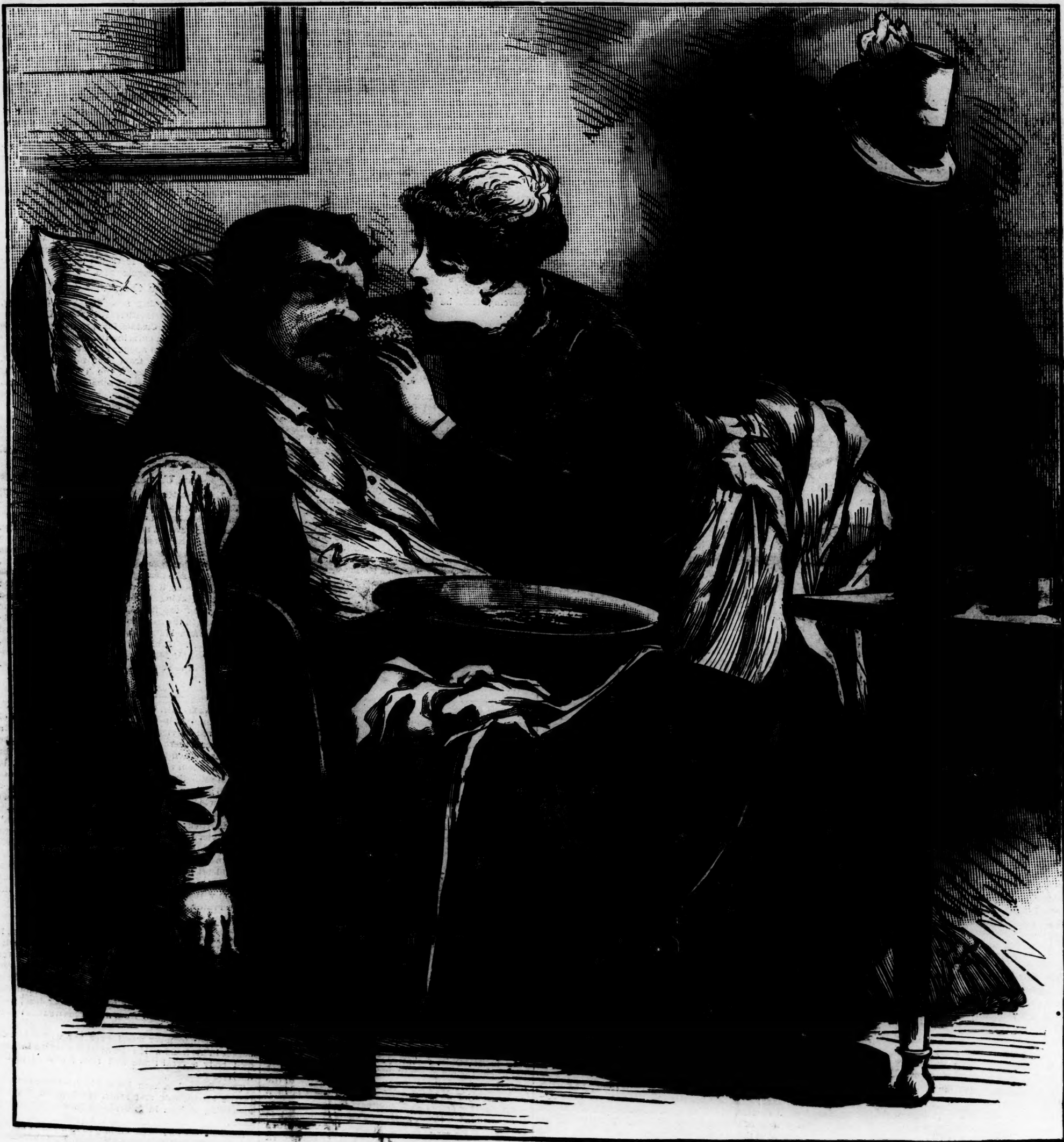
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1886.

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SHE NURSED THE LOSER.

A DEVOTED BROOKLYN GIRL ATTENDS TO THE INJURIES OF HER LOVER WHICH HE RECEIVED IN A FIGHT WITH HIS RIVAL FOR HER HAND.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1886.

TO OUR READERS.

The Postmaster at Somerville, Mass., was discharged for refusing to mail a copy of the *POLICE GAZETTE* to Europe. Any reader of this journal being refused the usual mail facilities, is requested to communicate the fact at once to the publisher.

Agents wanted to canvass for subscriptions in every city and village in the United States. Sample copies and advertising matter supplied free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

During the past few years the *POLICE GAZETTE* has issued a special edition for the Holidays. For two seasons the demand upon our columns for advertising space in those issues have curtailed the usual amount of matter relating to sporting and sensational news. In order to compensate our readers in the past and to avoid any difficulty this year, we shall add to our usual sixteen-page paper No. 451 of Dec. 4, which will be published on Nov. 27, an eight-page supplement, which, among other attractions, will contain a full-page illustration of the American Athletic Champions, besides illustrations of all the striking and sensational events of 1886, which, together with several stories specially prepared by the most celebrated, racy writers of the period, will stamp this issue as one of the most marvelous productions in the history of American Illustrated Journalism. Advertisers desiring to present their holiday goods to the men who have money to buy with—from the shores of Maine to the Diamond Fields of South Africa—will do well to secure a nook in this prodigy.

SERVES THEM RIGHT.

We have constantly urged in these columns that if the reign of the cranks be allowed to continue undisturbed there will soon be an end, absolute and complete, to human enjoyment and recreation in every great American community. There has hardly been an issue of the *POLICE GAZETTE* in which we have not warned Americans that, sooner or later, the self-appointed committee of public morals will take entire and irresistible control of all our affairs and make us adapt our views and our practices to their own narrow, Puritanical cast-iron code of morals.

The fact of the matter is that the spirit of the cruel and cowardly wretches who years ago dotted New England with bonfires in which women and children were set ablaze "for the cause of Christ and religion" is once more rife in the land. In the old Puritan days all that the cold-blooded "reformer" of the period wanted to stir up his ugliness and malice was to see somebody else enjoying himself. That was quite sufficient, and within a few hours the prison cell or the scaffold squared the pious account and cured the pleasure-maker of his fun.

But though we uttered our warning, nobody paid the least attention, and what is the consequence? Why, among other oppressions, such as George the Third would never have dared to afflict us with, in the whole wide, prosperous, civilized State of New York it is a crime punished with fine and imprisonment to maintain the American turf as it used to be in the time of our forefathers.

It serves the Jeromes and the Belmonts quite right.

ONE MORE BLUNDERER.

Another case, this time at New Britain, Conn., has come to light in which the post office refused to mail the *POLICE GAZETTE* to Europe. We find by the explanation of the Postmaster there he says: "I find that my assistant postmaster of more than 12 years consecutive service was fully of the opinion that the *POLICE GAZETTE* was prohibited in European mails, and that in a few instances during my term of office he has ordered it excluded. In this I have taken for granted the correctness of the ruling of my assistant, not doubting that his long experience warranted me in so doing in a matter of so small importance."

We differ with the P. M. of New Britain inasmuch as it is of the utmost importance that our rights are not infringed upon through the carelessness or ignorance of an assistant of twelve years standing, and postmasters should learn their duties personally and instruct their assistants so as to prevent any such outrage being perpetrated upon the publisher of a legitimate publication.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

Dan Frohman has struck it rich already this season. "The Main Line" was an immense success, and the Fortescue opening exceeded all expectations. Everybody who sees her is inclined to believe that she shook Gumboll and not Gumboll Ler.

Jules Levy, the celebrated cornet player, is going to spend the winter in Paris. The fact that he is a deserter from the band of the British Grenadier Guards prevents him from honoring London with his presence. They'd put the nippers on him, sure, the moment he showed up. Levy is a great genius in a horn.

Bolivar Doud Byron has a new play, he calls it "The Inside Track." Bolivar is the tasteful creature who lives at Long Branch, in a house built of railroad ties.

Miss Rhea has two theatres offered her in New York in which to play her farewell engagement. It was the guarantee that it was her farewell for sure and certain, which got her the offer.

Richard Mansfield is a good, albeit rather swell-headed sort of a chap, and an actor of the very first class, but he has not as yet owned up that Dramatist Granter got "Prince Karl" from the German.

Nellie Larkelle, who died recently in New York, was buried in Poughkeepsie. She was a conspicuous figure in opera bouffe for several years. Originally she was Nellie Brett. She was with Alice Oates' Opera troupe in 1873-4, and was the first American representative of "Amaranth" in the English version of "Mme. Angot's Child." She was also the bright particular star, for several seasons, of John Steison's "Evangeline" company.

It is telegraphed from San Francisco that Jeffreys Lewis has gained a divorce from Mr. Maitland, whom she married on Aug. 14, 1873. The affair developed unsavory proceedings on both sides, the husband charging Miss Lewis and Harry Maitland, an actor and a married man, with unbecoming conduct. Miss Lewis is of Welsh birth and is about thirty-one years old. She first appeared in New York thirteen years ago. Catherine and Constance Lewis are her sisters. Constance has disappeared from public view, but Catherine, after indulging in a nice little divorce of her own from Oscar Arfwedson, once a Swedish swell, but now a bartender somewhere, has married Donald Robertson. The two sisters seem to have a decided weakness for playing fast and Lewis with the matrimonial halter.

During the visit of Mantell's "Tangled Lives" company at Philadelphia Mr. Mantell paid a visit to the grave of his lamented friend, the late Frank Clements, and, finding it without a mark, generously ordered a fine marble headstone to be erected to the memory of his old friend.—*Adm.*

The daughter of still another General is going on the stage. This time it is the daughter of General Buckner, the famous Confederate officer. She will conceal her identity under a stage name. It is quite probable she will also conceal the reasons why she went on the stage—that is, if talent and a natural aptitude for the business are looked for.

The financial backer of the Anglo-Italian Opera Company is Mr. Cameron, who is no relative to Violet of that ilk, but is the wealthy husband of Mme. Valda, the prima donna, who was a Boston girl and whose maiden name was Wheelock. Manager Angelo is a new manager, whose strength is said to be largely in his breath, which is heavily flavored all the time with the compound concentrated extract of garlic.

Mr. Lelford Arthur, the manager of Marie Prescott, is said by credulous New York correspondents to be a heavy swell, connected with all the leading clubs, the owner of a tandem team, and a very handsome young man, whereas, in fact, Mr. Lelford Arthur is a London cockney of exceedingly ungracious aspect, who drops his h's, doesn't belong to any club at all, is as much given to driving Zebras as a tandem, and owes most of his fame to the fact that he eloped with Mrs. Eric Bayley, in whose father's shop, it is alleged, he had once upon a time more than a passing connection with tapes and calicoes.

William J. Carleton, the celebrated baritone, nearly dropped dead the other day. He was, in fact, in a state of unconsciousness for over two hours. It was caused by a paragraph published in Dutzel's very readable *News Letter*, accusing him of having once been a negro minstrel. The altogether beautiful and irreproachable William had never suffered such a blow in all his previous life.

Dorothy Dean, who leads the bevy of pretty girls in "The Mystic Isle," is the daughter of United States Marshal Kerns, of Philadelphia. She is bright and pretty, and scarcely over the threshold of womanhood, being barely twenty. Her adoption of the stage as a profession was not exactly the wish of her parents, but Mrs. Kerns, who follows her daughter, was so prostrated by fear that her child after all would not succeed the first night that a physician had to be called in.

The negro mother of Blind Tom, who used to be a slave, has turned up in the person of Mrs. Charley Wiggins, who used to be known as "Mingo." She says that Tom is an idiot, which is a pretty self-evident fact, and wants him to be released from his bondage to the Baltimore family which has practically collared every cent of his earnings for the last twenty years.

Mrs. Harry Mainhall (known to the stage as Bertha Howard) chastised her legs last Monday at the Alcazar theatre, San Francisco. Mr. Mainhall was the recipient of a sound horsewhipping. The wife was incensed at the attentions bestowed on Jeffreys Lewis by her husband. It is understood that Mrs. Mainhall has followed up her attack with a suit for divorce, and that Mrs. Maitland, otherwise Mrs. Jeffreys Lewis, will become Mrs. Mainhall No. 2. For of such is the Kingdom of Thesp.

Emma De Chateau, a modest maiden of the corps de ballet, has sued the proprietors of the Casino for \$50. Manager Lederer engaged her for the chorus, agreeing that she should not be forced to wear tights. When

C. D. Hess became manager he discharged her because she refused to take off her skirts, whereupon she sued for the balance of her salary under the contract. The suit was compromised for \$25, and the young danseuse will go down into history as the one ballet girl who refused to show her legs.

Kitty Stokes, a charming circus rider and a pretty good actress, has been divorced in Boston from her husband, Charles Anthony, the horse trainer. It is reported that she will shortly marry a well-known banker-manager of Boston.

One night during the engagement of a "snap" company at the Chestnut street theatre, Philadelphia, a little boy came down the stairs from the gallery during the first act and inquired for the manager, says the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. The manager was not in at the time, and the door-keeper inquired why he wished to see him.

"Because," returned the lad, "I want my money back."

"Aren't you satisfied with the play?" was asked. "O, yes," he replied. "The play's good enough, but the fact is I'm afraid to stay up there all by myself."

A mulatto from Georgia, Julia Thomas by name, is playing *Topsy* in German, in Berlin, to big business. An American negro woman talking German must be almost as funny as a gentleman of Hebrew persuasion with an Irish brogue that can be cut with a carving knife.

Pony Moore has just celebrated his 22d anniversary in London, and the *Full Mail Gazette* printed a two column interview and description of his wonderful house in St. John's Wood. By the way, Pony's new music hall at Battersea, one of the wards of London, has just been opened and is pronounced the handsomest establishment of its kind in all Great Britain. There is nothing in history to compare with Brother Moore's wonderful success in the British Metropolis.

Ada Rehan, the actress, brought a bull dog named Mephisto from England. When the brute grabs an objectionable admirer by the leg the latter will know how the bite of Mephistopheles. Ada, by the way, is one of a family of theatrical sisters who all have different names. One is Hattie O'Neil, another Bridget Sullivan; the third Madame Ninon L'Enclos, and the fourth Kate Byron. This is what might be called "a wealth of nomenclature."

Louis James, who is doing excellently well on the road, with Marie Wainwright supporting him, has commenced suit against the Boston *Herald* for announcing that he was about to close up for the season.

May Fortescue (who is no relation to the burly female impersonator of that name) has got shocking bad teeth. Perhaps that is why she felt such a sympathy for Gumboll.

Osmond Tearle's new play, "Kenneth Gordon," turned out a frightful flop in San Francisco. So Osmond will probably apply before long for his ancient situation of leading man at Wallack's theatre, now held by that strike-you-with-a-feather artist, Curly Bellew, alias Higgins.

Poor Charley Pope's ambitious start as "Othello" has ended, as everybody expected, in a general smash. Charles is now back in St. Louis and his company is returning to New York as fast as it can.

Both the Mrs. Gerald Byres of history are now in New York. The fair Barbara Stewart, first and, it is believed, only lawful proprietor of the title, is singing in the "Little Jack Sheppard" chorus, and Mollie Fuller is "resting"—resting from what, nobody seems to know.

I understand that Bill Muldoon, who is one of the attractions of the "Gladiator" company, led by Robert Downing, gives that corpulent tragedian more than he can comfortably attend to in the wrestling scene.

When Henry E. Abbey married Florence Gerard she was under engagement to Modjeska. The next day after becoming the bride of that amiable and accomplished manager, she threw up her contract and sailed to England with her hubby. It can't be charged against Henry, by the way, that he is still a ruined Abbey, for he has made a fortune, paid off all his debts and bids fair to realize his ambition and become the richest and most influential manager in the world.

Mrs. Harry Beckett, widow of the Cockney comedian who first came to this country with Lydia Thompson and afterwards took a place in Wallack's company, has just married an owling swell of a Englishman connected with the British diplomatic corps.

The little chap, Hamilton, whose tiresome play of "Harvest" makes even good-natured Theodore Moss yawn and speak crossly every night, is said to be an even funnier specimen of an English dude than Curly Bellew himself. He wears a bang and bracelets, and is accused by those who know him to be really much too sweet to live.

It is a curious thing that Teddy Solomon, who has had three remarkably handsome women as wives of more or less validity, is a short, stumpy, homely little cuss, with a perpetual cold in the head and a very dull, uninteresting manner. Still, like many another unprepossessing man, he is fairly irresistible to the sex.

In Logan, Ohio, recently, an "Uncle Tom" Company gave the old chestnut under a tent that was not exactly waterproof. A storm coming up those in the audience who had umbrellas raised them and in a short time the actors who took part in the play were compelled to use them. *Little Eva* being compelled to die under a parasol. Before it came *Uncle Tom's* turn to depart the rain had washed most of the burnt cork off his face.

The stuff concocted to "boom" Dixey in the Boston papers is of a quality to turn the seven stomachs of a cow in swift succession. Ed. Rice seems to have a lower opinion of journalism and is better able to turn it to practical account than any other man in the business.

WOODMAN SPOON.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

A Lady Falls Dead at a Ball.

The evening of Oct. 11 Mrs. Adelbert Baker attended a ball at the Congress street rink, Portland, Me. She had danced several times and was just leaving the floor at the end of a set when she was observed to stagger and in another moment she dropped dead. She was about thirty-five, was at one time an actress and a member of the Fanny Marsh company.

Refused to Kneel on Both Knees.

Some time ago a Montrealese named Portreas was arrested at St. Anne de Belevue for having refused to obey the order of the constable on duty in the parish church to kneel on both knees during a certain portion of the service. Portreas was fined \$5 for irreverence in church, although he pleaded sickness and inability to go on both knees. He brought an action for damages against the constable, and the trial by jury resulted in the dismissal of the plaintiff's action.

He Rang a Chestnut Bell on the Preacher.

Dr. Bellamy, a prominent physician of Milledgeville, Ga., attended services at the Methodist Church, Eatonton, Ga., the other night, having a chestnut bell attached to his coat. The chestnut bell is still somewhat novel in this quiet town, and the doctor thought it the acme of humor to ring it whenever the minister's sermon or prayers touched familiar ground or a familiar hymn was announced. In court the next morning the doctor was held in heavy bonds to answer a charge of disturbing public worship. His humor will cost him a heavy fine, and possibly imprisonment as well.

She Ought to Know.

Seventeen years ago Patrick McCoy, a miner of Wilkesbarre, Pa., deserted his young wife and went to California. He said he would return when he made his fortune. After being gone five years, and not receiving any word from him, his wife gave him up as dead. Recently McCoy returned with a few thousand dollars in his possession and called on his wife. The latter failed to recognize him, and said he was another man, and would not have anything to do with him. McCoy recalled the days of his boyhood and the marriage, but all to no avail. The wife says he is another man. When he went West McCoy was very spare; now he weighs over 250 pounds. None of his friends recognize him. McCoy is heartbroken over his wife's refusal to recognize him.

Hauling Down the American Flag.

The American fishing schooner Marion Grimes, which is detained at Shelburne, N. S., by Capt. Quigley for breach of the Custom laws, in not reporting to the Custom House on entering the harbor last Thursday night, was lying at anchor in that harbor with the American flag flying from her masthead. Capt. Quigley, who was on board the Terror, which was anchored 100 yards below the schooner, ordered Capt. Landry to haul down the flag. The latter did so, but soon afterward the flag was again seen waving from the masthead. Capt. Quigley again ordered the flag to be hauled down. This time the American refused to obey. An armed crew was at once dispatched from the Terror, who boarded the schooner, and Capt. Quigley himself hauled down the American flag.

An Unwelcome Guest.

Mrs. Jeremiah Manuel, residing near Point Pleasant, W. Va., has been an invalid for seventeen years, bed-confined to her bed during that period. A few days ago she discovered a snake on her bed, and, being powerless to raise herself in bed, she gave an alarm to other members of the household, but before they came the snake had disappeared. A few hours afterward, having occasion to arrange the bed-clothes, she was surprised at seeing it again, with its eyes blazing and head erect. Having a cane by her bedside she snatched vigorously on the floor, and her son, hearing the alarm, came in the room in time to dispatch his snake-ship. Mrs. Manuel fainted and is very much prostrated over the affair. It proved to be a large black-snake, four and one-half feet long, and had evidently concealed itself in the ceiling and dropped on the bed at its pleasure.

A Dandy Convict.

An Arkansas man has a great scheme on hand. He proposes to organize a minstrel troupe composed of one hundred convicts, and is sure "there's millions in it." It seems there are a great many musicians in the Arkansas penitentiary. A few days ago one of the trustees was sent to the house of a convict lessee to perform some little task. While at the house he was asked to go into the parlor and assist in hanging a picture, which he did. Noticing that the piano was open, the convict ran his fingers over the key-board and remarked: "That piano is a little out of tune." The convict took a monkey wrench and tuned the piano. On being invited to do so, he seated himself at the instrument and played a number of beautiful and difficult pieces. It is said that the Arkansas penitentiary has more musical talent to the square inch than any institution in the country outside of the "conservatories."

A Real Tragedy in a Theatre.

About half-past seven o'clock the evening of Oct. 10 the habitués of Escher's Variety theatre, on St. Charles street, St. Louis, were startled by loud screams in the dressing-room. They lasted only a moment, however, and then all was still. The watchman on duty there on arriving at the dressing-room to ascertain the cause, found Josie Martel lying on the floor dead, with the warm blood flowing from numerous wounds in her body.

Frank Sandemeyer stood over her with a bloody dagger in his hand which he quickly plunged into his own body several times and then fell dead to the floor.

The woman had been hacked in a terrible manner in the breast, side and arms, the bone in the left arm being broken in two places by the force of the blow.

Sandemeyer had been employed as a waiter at the theatre. The woman was also employed there and while she was known as Josie Martel, it was generally understood that she was Sandemeyer's wife. The latter, it seems, became jealous of the woman and drank heavily all day. He was very much under the influence of liquor in the night. He carried the dagger in his hand when he entered the dressing-room, and finding his wife and another woman alone there, at once began his murderous work.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Rev. Benj. Staunton.

Pastor Benjamin Staunton of the Fort Greene Church of Brooklyn, has been on trial in the latter city before Presbytery for unministerial conduct. Two charges were embraced in the specifications. One was that he had choked his wife to such a degree as to leave the dents of his fingers on her throat and to endanger her life. The other was that he harbored Mrs. Mary Eliza Laidler in his house, contrary to his wife's wishes, and bestowed such attentions on her as to render his wife unhappy and to arouse her suspicions. After two weeks of deliberation, the white necktie gentlemen came to the conclusion that the pastor was guilty of the charges, but, on further consideration, they allowed the accused to make a guarded confession, and amid a few tears he was forgiven and advised to be careful in the future and keep away from the attractions of the fair church members, who are so fond of leading their pastors astray.

A RABBI'S SCHEME.

Hebrew circles in Cincinnati, O., are somewhat excited over the following story told by Herman Kraeger to his legal advisers: "I was married three years ago next Christmas in Russia. After being with my wife about two weeks I left and came to this country to better my condition. As soon as I got in business here I wrote to my wife to come and sent her a ticket. She came. I had in the meantime started in the tailoring business by myself, and employed about a dozen girls. We began to have our troubles. My wife was very religious and did not attend to her household duties as I thought she should. She was so religious that she would not cook on Saturday, and then she became jealous of the shop girls. She would also go down on Sixth street and talk about me. Finally she declared she wanted a divorce, and to return to the old country. I agreed to give her a divorce and \$100, but urged her to think over the matter. At last she made me so much trouble that it broke up my shop, and I went to work with Mr. Levy on Central avenue. On his advice I concluded to give my wife another trial. Finally, three weeks ago, she said, 'Go see the rabbi. I want a divorce.' I replied, 'Very well, but I want everything settled.' At last I went and saw the rabbi and he advised me to get a divorce. I said I would not do anything until my wife was present.

"When I came home I told her there were three ways: She could get a divorce at once; if she would stick to me we would live together, or she could get a divorce when our child was born. She replied that she wanted a divorce at once, so she could go back to the old country. This was Sunday, three weeks ago, and we went down to the rabbi.

"I asked what a divorce would cost, and he said \$25. I did not have the money then, but went away, and we came back in the evening. I gave him \$20. He said he could not give us a divorce before Thursday, and if I did not come then I would lose the \$20 anyhow. Tuesday I sent to my wife, 'Dress yourself and we'll go down to the rabbi again.' We did so, and I told the rabbi, 'Here's my wife, and we want a divorce Thursday.' I suggested that we talk it over, and I told her if she would live with me I'd let the \$20 go. I asked her to say what she wanted and made the same three propositions as before.

"She insisted on a divorce, and declared she wanted to go back home. We left, and on Thursday morning, two weeks ago, between 8 and 9 o'clock, we went to the rabbi's house. There were several people there, but they left the room, except the rabbi, while we again talked it over. My wife wanted the divorce, saying she would leave Friday for home. She asked for \$90 and I agreed to give her that and \$13 for a ticket. The rabbi then said he would not give the divorce unless I gave him \$5 more.

"I shall lose \$20 for \$5?" I asked, and he said: 'Yes.'"

"He then told me to get a note from Mr. Levy, my employer, saying he would be responsible for the \$5. I refused, and the rabbi said I must give him something. I took off my silver watch and chain and threw them on the table. The rabbi took them both.

"Five witnesses were then called in, and the rabbi wrote out in Hebrew a divorce, which all the witnesses signed. I suppose the paper was kept by the rabbi, but am not certain who got it. I then gave \$90 to the rabbi and \$13 to my wife's brother. The writing covered a sheet of paper and said that we could have nothing to do with each other and would not live together again unless we were married again."

Kraeger, who is a Russian Jew, also claimed that the rabbi said that both were free to marry again.

A reporter visited Rabbi Hilkowitz. He presides over a synagogue on Sixth street, and is the rabbi

alluded to in Kraeger's statement. A son of the rabbi appeared for him and admitted that there was this much foundation for the story. "Kraeger," said the rabbi's son, "abandoned his wife immediately after marriage in their own country and ran away with the wedding portion given her by her father. He never sent for her, as he claims, but was found by the wife's brother and compelled to care for her. Lately it has become possible for them to live together, though my father, the rabbi, frequently urged it upon them. He finally gave them leave to separate, according to a custom of the church, but told them they could only be divorced—that is, free to marry again—by the usual legal process."

Correspondent—It was only a sort of religious dispensation to separate?

Rabbi's Son—Exactly.

"And the fee?"

"There is no regular fee, but the papers are often the occasion of much labor."

Prominent Jews say they never heard of any such custom of the church as is claimed by Rabbi Hilkowitz, who is in appearance a Russian Jew, with long black beard and shaven head, covered with a black skull cap and wearing a long cassack-like gown.

THE QUEEREST BETS YET.

The exceptionally droll terms of the wager recently won by Harmon at the Stanwix Hotel, in Detroit, by holding his head submerged in the water of a bath tub for 125 seconds without taking air, recalls a number of other queer and remarkable feats which have at various times and places been achieved in the contest for wagers, the records of which have been picked up here and there from the papers and periodicals of the time, says the Detroit Free Press.

Pedestrian contests have been perhaps the most numerous and varied. Capt. Bartley, a noted pedestrian in the early part of the present century, was the pedestrian who first introduced the feat that has since been so many times attempted, that of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours. To do twenty-four miles a day for six weeks is a formidable undertaking for any but a trained pedestrian, and quite out of the range of possibility for a very large majority. The feat had been attempted several times previous to 1810, but Bartley was the first to accomplish it.

Not less than \$100,000 was wagered on the result of the contest. The walking occupied forty-one days and a few hours' time, from June 1 to July 12, and took place on Newmarket Course. Though he suffered somewhat during the performance, his appetite remained unaffected, and he finished tolerably fresh in the presence of a vast assemblage. This feat has been often accomplished since. A pedestrian named Baker once walked 1,000 miles in twenty days, fifty miles a day, and to show his stamina he accomplished 75 miles on the last day.

A chap named Curtis, in Berkshire county, Mass., for a wager of a horse, ran 5 miles in 41 minutes and wound up the race with a jump of 11 feet 6 inches.

An Englishman named Head won 1,000 guineas by walking 600 miles in ten days, but the exertion so used him up that he never walked much afterward, either on wagers or otherwise.

A gentleman at one of the London clubs made a wager of £100 that he would stand for an entire day at a point on London Bridge with a tray of gold sovereigns and offer them at a penny each without finding a purchaser. He won the wager, as the passers-by supposed the coins were brass and declined to invest.

The master of the revels of George II. was regarded as the ugliest person in the kingdom, as none had been found who could successfully contend against him for this distinction. One of the noblemen of the court laid a wager that he could produce a person surpassing him in this respect. At the time appointed he caused a notoriously homely fishwoman he had heard of to be brought, who stood by the side of the champion. With the approval of the present wearer of the belt, the palm was about to be awarded to her when a bystander, probably also interested in the result of the decision, suggested that the champion put on the old lady's bonnet in order to make the conditions of the contest more equal.

He did so, when the added ugliness was so emphatic and indescribable that the victory was awarded to him.

The wagers made on the speed of horses are so common and the terms and conditions so uniformly of a commonplace character that they hardly command attention on the score of novelty. Donkeys have sometimes been put on their speed, actually that they have not been popularly supposed to possess. About twenty years ago a race (so called) came off on the Newmarket course to decide a bet of £100 made by the owner of a donkey that he would go 100 miles in 24 hours. The meek looking little chap not only let his master out in good form, but had fully three hours to spare.

In Philadelphia, some years ago, a gentleman made a wager of \$100 that he could jump into water eight feet deep and undress himself complete. Any one who has ever made the attempt to remove his clothing after being thoroughly drenched to the skin, even when standing on terra firma, with plenty of room to hop around on one leg, will at once realize the difficulty of accomplishing the feat while in deep water. However, it was done in the instance noted. Dog racing is a species of sport that is not very common in the United States, but not rare in England; in 1870, at Fenham Park, Newcastle, Eng., one Perkins matched his dog Polly against Davidson's Queen of the Forest, to run twenty yards for £50. The latter was the winner by a yard. On the same day, at Royal Oak Park, Manchester, two dogs ran the same distance for £100 a side. The time in either case is not given.

After the battle of Gettysburg an officer in command of an infantry brigade made a wager with a staff officer in the cavalry that more than one-half the muskets captured would be found to have one or more charges still in them. This led to the discovery of a very singular fact. At that battle 28,000 muskets were taken, of which over 15,000 were found to be loaded. Some 12,000 contained two loads, and 6,000 had from three to ten loads each. In many instances half a dozen balls were driven in on a single charge of powder, while in not a few instances the former possessor had reversed the usual order, and put the ball in first.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

MIKE MCCOOLE.

[With Portrait.]

Elsewhere will be found a portrait of Mike McCoolle, one of the champions of the American prize ring, who died in the Charity Hospital, New Orleans, on Sunday, Oct. 17. Michael McCoolle was born in Ireland about fifty-four years ago. He came to this country when a boy and found work in a tannery. Afterward he took to steamboating. His first appearance in the prize ring was on June 27, 1859, at Twelve Mile Island, near Louisville, Ky. His opponent was William Blake, better known by the nickname of "Dublin Tricks." McCoolle beat him easily in 31 minutes. This battle gave McCoolle a local reputation. His next big fight was with Tom Jennings for \$300 a side, near New Orleans, on May 2, 1860. McCoolle had to walk seven miles through the canebrake to the battle ground, but in spite of this disadvantage beat Jennings badly after fighting 37 rounds in 33 minutes. He next fought Joe Coburn for \$1,000 a side. The fight took place at Charlestown, Md., in 1863. Coburn proved too active for his bulky opponent, and won the day in 67 rounds, lasting 1 hour 10 minutes. For the next three years McCoolle was but little heard of in pugilistic circles, but was eventually dragged into a match with William Michael Davis, the California boxer. They met at Rhoad's Point, Mo., for \$1,000 a side and a belt, fortune favoring McCoolle once more, as he gained a victory over Davis in 34 rounds in 34 minutes, Sept. 19, 1866.

His next fight was with old Aaron Jones at Busenbark's Station, on the Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, in August, 1867. He whipped Aaron easily in 34 rounds in 34 minutes, punishing him severely.

McCoolle's last fight was with Allen, near St. Louis, in 1873. Allen cut him all to pieces, punched him all around the ring, brought him to his knees, whipped him in what was equivalent to nine rounds, and was then robbed of the battle money and the formal acknowledgment of victory.

A BOY'S TOTAL DEPRIVITY.

Last summer Noah Mott, a farmer of Lowell township, near Milton's Bridge, Pa., took a 14 year old boy named Orrin Sullivan to earn his keeping in the farmer's family. The boy's parents were drunken and disreputable people, who had always neglected him, and who disappeared from the vicinity last spring, leaving him to shift for himself. He was an extremely bad boy, but in hope of reforming him and making something of him Farmer Mott took him in. Young Sullivan was sullen, and disliked work, but performed such duties as were laid out for him, but always under protest and grumbling.

One day last week he flew in a passion at a horse he was leading, and was hammering it unmercifully with a fence rail when discovered by Mrs. Mott. She ordered the boy to cease, and he swore at her and called her vile names. She told her husband of the boy's conduct, and he berated Sullivan soundly, and ordered him to quit the premises and never come back. The boy went away cursing and muttering.

The next morning Farmer Mott found his thirteen cows in his barnyard, each with its tail severed close to its body. A corn-cutter, the blade covered with blood, lay in the yard. On entering his barn after this shocking discovery the farmer found two valuable colts hamstring, and a favorite mare dead, with her throat cut. The poultry house floor was covered with dead chickens. No one has any doubt that this frightful work was done by Orrin Sullivan out of revenge. The country is being scoured by searchers after the young villain, and it will fare badly with him if he is caught. As yet no trace of him has been found.

TOUCHING TALE OF SUICIDE.

A man about twenty-five years of age entered a saloon at No. 235 South Twelfth street, Philadelphia, late the night of Oct. 16th, ordering a drink of whiskey, sat down at one of the tables. He drank the liquor and then quietly took out a revolver placed it against his temple and fired. He died ten minutes later and the body was removed to the station house. A letter was found upon him which said:

"I have killed myself. No one is to blame but me. My father's address is No. 443 Westminster street, Providence, R. I.—W. W. Gorham. Wire Chief of Police Childs, Providence. I ask the press not to make any unfavorable comments, as I have a Christian father and mother, whom I have sympathy for. I was once a newspaper man myself."

While the officers were examining his papers a young woman who was sobbing violently entered the room and declared that she was the dead man's wife. They were married in Baltimore one year ago, but Gorham was unable to support her. She soon left him and came to this city, where she became an inmate of a house on South Twelfth street. He followed her and tried several times to induce her to leave the house. The other night he made his last appeal, telling her that he would shoot himself if she persisted in her course. This was also unsuccessful and he left the house. When his wife next heard from him he was dead in a saloon across the street.

CRAZED BY PREACHERS.

The Young Men's Christian Association, of New Castle, Pa., organized recently under the most favorable circumstances, is all broken up. An early collapse is anticipated. The saddest part of the association's affairs is the insanity of the wife of General Secretary Charles E. Fish. When Ira D. Sankey presented the association with a fifty thousand dollar building, gymnasium and library he placed it in charge of Charles E. Fish, whom Mr. Sankey sent from Kansas City. Recently for some unknown cause the Board of Directors demanded and received Mr. Fish's resignation. The time set for the resignation to take effect was last Friday. In the meantime the great evangelist had been appealed to to interfere in Mr. Fish's behalf. He promised to do so, but the time came and nothing was heard from him. This so preyed on the mind of Mr. Fish's young and beautiful wife that she is a raving maniac. This has caused bitter utterances against the Board of Directors.

A Hard Fate

It is indeed, to always remain in poverty and obscurity; be enterprising, reader, and avoid this. No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of at least \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Either sex. All ages. Better not delay.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Mr. W. E. Churchill, whose manly features we print above, is the ex-Vice-President of Firemen's Association of this State and the able editor of the Clyde Democrat, of Clyde, N. Y. His prominence in fire matters has made Mr. Churchill known to every volunteer fireman in this State.

Julia Wilson.

We publish this week a capital portrait of Julia Wilson, who, having made for herself a national reputation as the soubrette of Denman Thompson's company, is now engaged in the same capacity with Hallen & Hurt. Next season this bright little woman will star on her own hook.

Chief Benj. Murphy.

On our illustrated pages we publish an excellent portrait of Chief of Police Benj. Murphy, of Jersey City, who so cleverly conducts the welfare of the good city and her honest citizens from the numerous crooks and adventurers who are apt to linger around and prey about. Mr. Murphy's record is beyond reproach as a skillful and active officer of the law and a perfect gentleman.

Ernie Powers.

The subject of this sketch, Master Ernie Powers, the champion infant tumbler of the United States, was born in Imley City, Lapeer county, Mich., in 1878. He is now just seven years of age, and has been tumbling only three years. His single and double, backward and forward somersaults, high leaping and straight tumbling entitling him to the above title. He is the only clown of his age regularly appearing in any circus ring. He will be backed in any sum from \$100 to \$500 to tumble against any acrobat of his age in the world.

H. M. Johnson.

In this issue we publish a portrait of H. M. Johnson, the champion sprint runner of the United States. He was born in London, Eng., March 22, 1862, stands 6 feet 1/2 inch, and in condition weighs 135 pounds. This season he has made his name famous for beating the 100 yard record and covering the distance in 9.25 seconds and winning a Sheffield handicap in England. He is a heavy man for a sprint runner, while his great strength of limb and general fine muscular development are something totally unlooked for in a public performer in his line.

Lawrence Crowl.

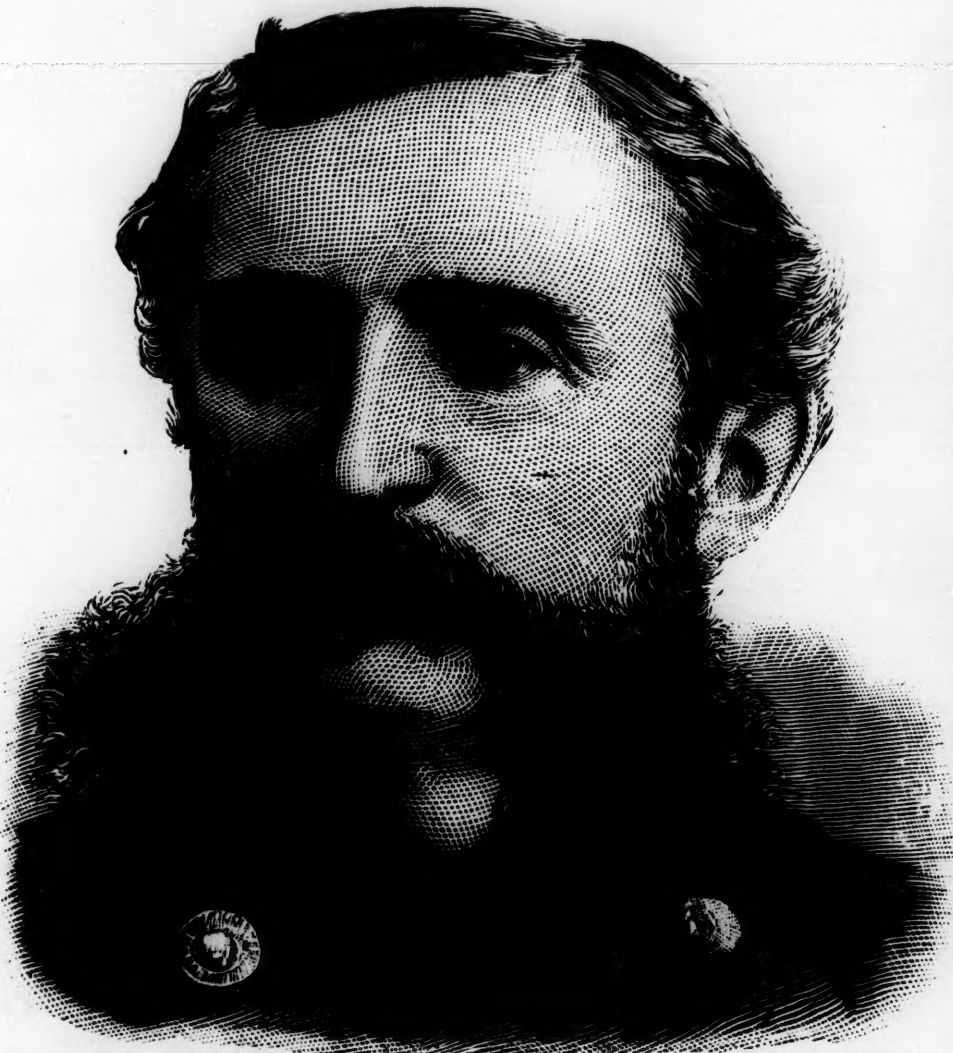
A duped Lothario is always a sad sight to see, but the white man who makes love to a colored washwoman like Mr. Crowl, of New Orleans, did recently and gets left is indeed a miserable being to behold. The dusky dame, who is a dashing widow, by the name Annie Smith, drew a \$15,000 prize a few weeks ago in the lottery. The hoodle is said to have been the principal cause of great affection for the smoked charmer. However, she would not have it, and refused the hand and heart of Mr. Crowl to the surprise of the society of New Orleans, where the latter gentleman held a prominent position among a certain circle.

The Van Brunt-Roy Killing.

We publish elsewhere in this issue the portraits of the principals of the sensational killing of Will Roy by Robert Van Brunt, at Castle, N. Y., some few weeks ago. Van Brunt who is known as "Happy Bob" among the Salvation Army warriors of whom he was one of the most prominent in Toronto, and lately in this State, in the vicinity of Castle, Warsaw, Tonawanda, and the western part of New York. Bob had for some time been paying attention to Roy's half sister Eva, of whom he was very jealous. In a fatal moment of anger he drew a revolver and shot the young man dead in his father's house. Van Brunt is at present in jail at Warsaw. He talks freely about the affair and seems to think very lightly of going to the gallows.

Louis Jester.

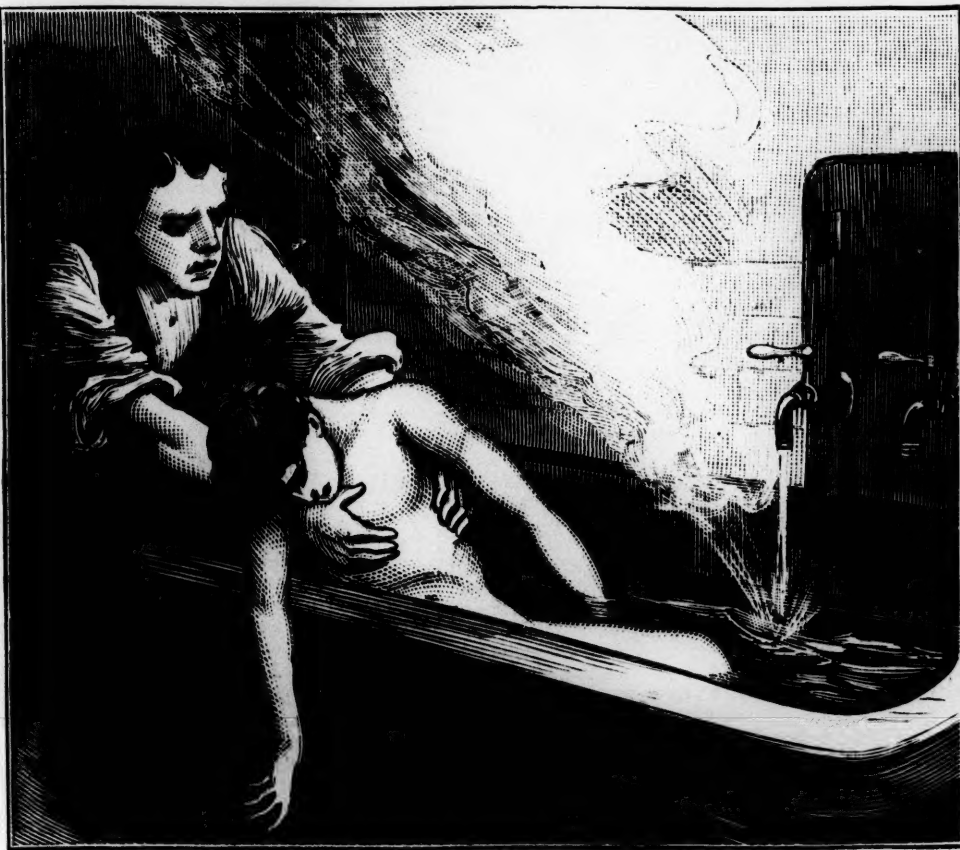
This promising young pugilist, who is willing to meet any of the light weights, was born in Utica, N. Y., Dec. 13, 1885, stands five feet six inches high and weighs 133 pounds. Defeated Harry Wanes of Alliance, Ohio, in three rounds, and Jim Henderson of Pittsburg in seven rounds; also Downing of Cleveland in six rounds. In 1888 defeated Robt. Walker of Cleveland in seven rounds, for a purse of \$25; McGee of Chicago, in two rounds; Hoffman of Cincinnati in twelve rounds, and Chis Charles of New York in four rounds, for a purse of \$50. Eddie Graham of New York declared a draw in four rounds. In 1886 knocked out Billy Hart of Williamsburgh in five rounds, and fought a draw with Sam McDonald of New York, the police interfering at the end of the fourth round, and lately fought Frank Allen of Philadelphia, and having won on a foul blow in the ninth round; on Oct. 22, 1888, at Rockaway, he was beaten by Dan Custy in a glove contest.



BENJ. MURPHY,
THE VERY SKILLFUL AND ACTIVE CHIEF OF POLICE OF JERSEY CITY, N. J.



JULIA WILSON,
THE BRILLIANT AND VIVACIOUS LITTLE SOUBRETTE OF THE HALLEN & HART COMPANY.



BOILED TO DEATH.
THE HORRIBLE FATE OF SEVEN-YEAR OLD DEAF AND DUMB FRANK HAMILTON,
OF WAYNESBURG, OHIO.



SHE SKIPPED.
MOLLIE HOEY, THE WELL-KNOWN NEW YORK SNEAK THIEF AND SHOPLIFTER,
MAKES A BREAK FOR LIBERTY AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.



ROBERT VAN BRUNT,
THE SALVATIONIST WHO KILLED WILL ROY IN A
FIT OF JEALOUSY, CASTILE, N. Y.



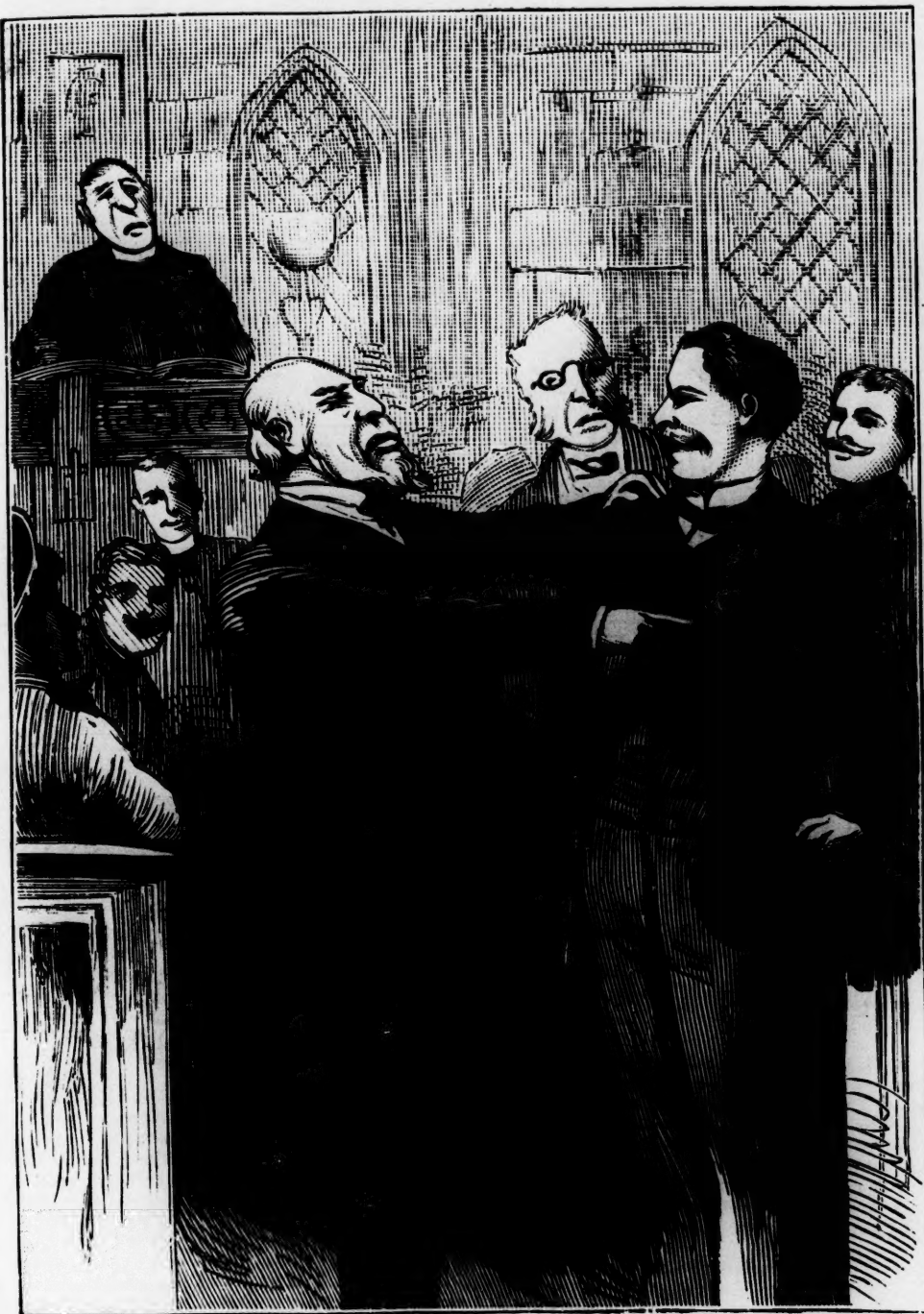
EVA ROY,
THE YOUNG GIRL WHO "HAPPY BOB" WANTED TO
MARRY AT CASTILE, N. Y.



WILL ROY,
THE BROTHER OF EVA ROY SHOT BY "HAPPY
BOB" AT CASTILE, N. Y.

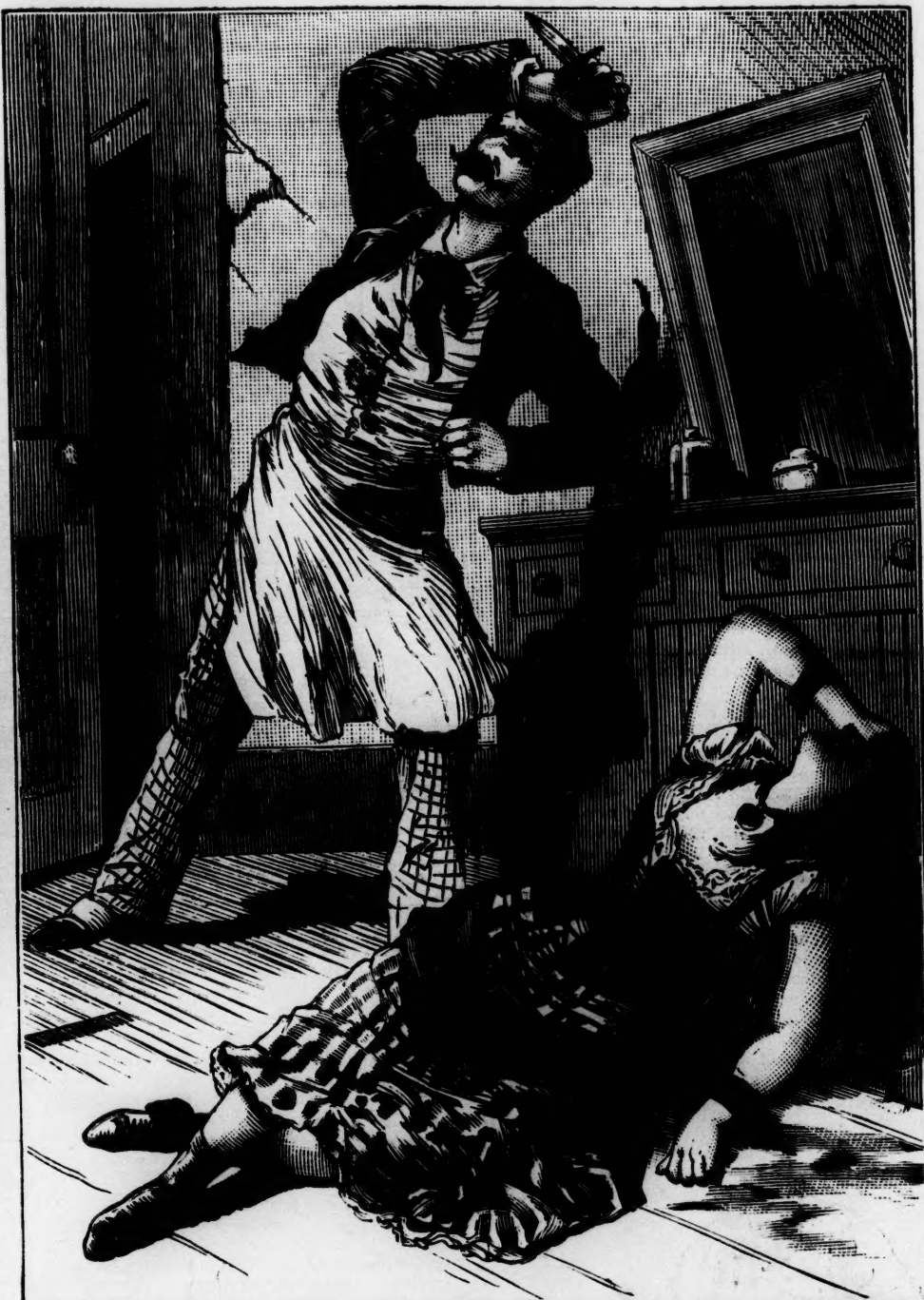


LAWRENCE CROWL,
THE GAY LOTHARIO WHO WAS DUPED BY A
DUSKY DAMSEL, NEW ORLEANS, LA.



HE WAS TOO FRESH.

R. BELLAMY, A CRANKY HUMORIST, GETS HIMSELF IN TROUBLE BY DISTURBING CHURCH SERVICES WITH A CHESTNUT BELL AT EATONTON, GA.



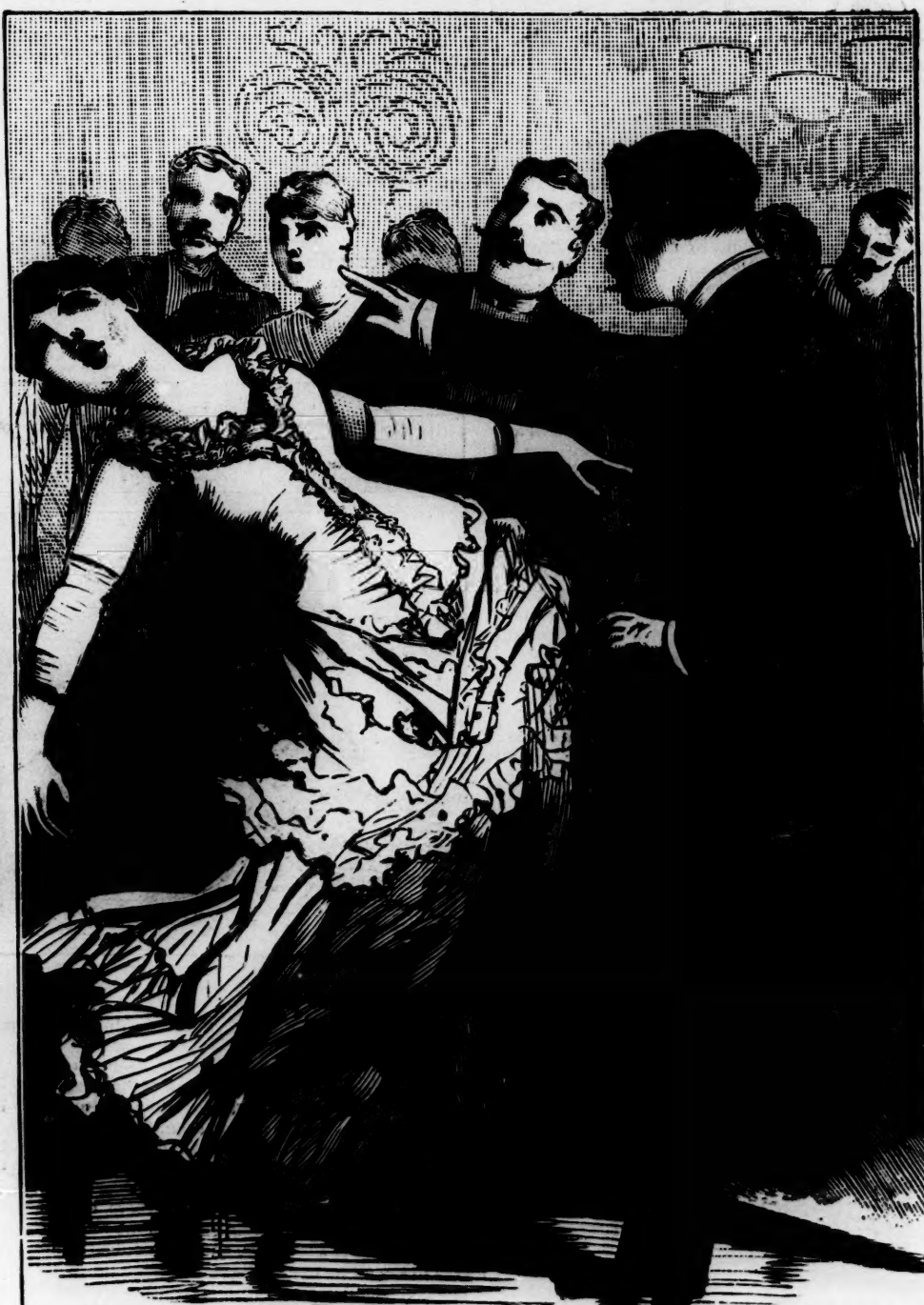
IT WAS A REAL TRAGEDY.

THE HORRIBLE MURDER AND SUICIDE COMMITTED BY FRANK SANDEMEYER AT ESHER'S VARIETY THEATRE, ST. LOUIS, MO.



A DANDY CONVICT.

THE EXTRAORDINARY SOCIAL SENSATION PRODUCED BY A HIGHLY CULTIVATED INMATE OF THE STATE PENITENTIARY OF ARKANSAS.



DIED WHILE DANCING.

MRS. ADELBERT BAKER, ONCE A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS, OF PORTLAND, ME., DRAWS HER LAST BREATH AT A BALL.

MONSTROUS!

The Awful Crimes Alleged to Have Been Committed by the Authorities of the Ohio State Penitentiary.

SKINNING CORPSES

And Using the Human Hides to Make Canes Of.

[From Sketches by our Special Artist.]

The following affidavit, with accompanying testimony, is just now the reigning newspaper sensation of the pious State of Ohio:

State of Ohio, Franklin County, ss.

Personally appeared before me Joel F. Skillen, who, being first duly sworn, says he resides at No. 84 East Town street, Columbus, O.; that he will be seventy years of age on Sept. 30, 1896; that he well knows Dr. C. R. Montgomery, the late physician of the Ohio penitentiary; that during the time the doctor was physician at the penitentiary he had an office in affiant's premises, at 84 East Town street; that some time during the fall of the year 1895—affiant cannot now more definitely fix the time, as he did not make any memorandum of it, he went with Dr. Montgomery to the morgue, or deadhouse, at the penitentiary, where he was told by the doctor before going that he (Dr. Montgomery) was to make a post-mortem examination upon a convict who had just died. Affiant says that when he and Dr. Montgomery arrived at the morgue they found a dead colored man lying on the bench; that the doctor, in affiant's presence and in the presence of three or four others, first split the skin of



Dr. Kinsman at work.

the body of said colored man from his neck down over his chest and abdomen, then he cut the skin crosswise at the lower end of the abdomen and then stripped it up on either side of the body, throwing it over each shoulder; then stripped the skin down from each hip. He then proceeded to make his examination of the intestines of the man. After he had concluded the examination of the intestines he then cut the skin which had been stripped and laid over the shoulders down the back, and entirely removed the same from the right side of the prisoner's body and put the same in a basket, which was present there. Affiant says that at this point he became sickened with the sight he had witnessed and immediately left the penitentiary, leaving Dr. Montgomery still at the morgue.

Affiant says he does not know what was done with the skin from the deceased convict after it was put in the basket, but he did see with his own eyes removed from the prisoner's body and placed in the basket in the way he has described.

Affiant says the other persons present, as above stated, also witnessed just what he has described; that he never knew until to-day any of the others who were present, but he to-day identified F. W. Nye as one of the men who was there present.

And further deponent saith not.

JOEL F. SKILLEN,
No. 84 East Town street.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence by said Joel Skillen this 25th day of September, A. D. 1896.

Notary Public in and for Franklin County, O.

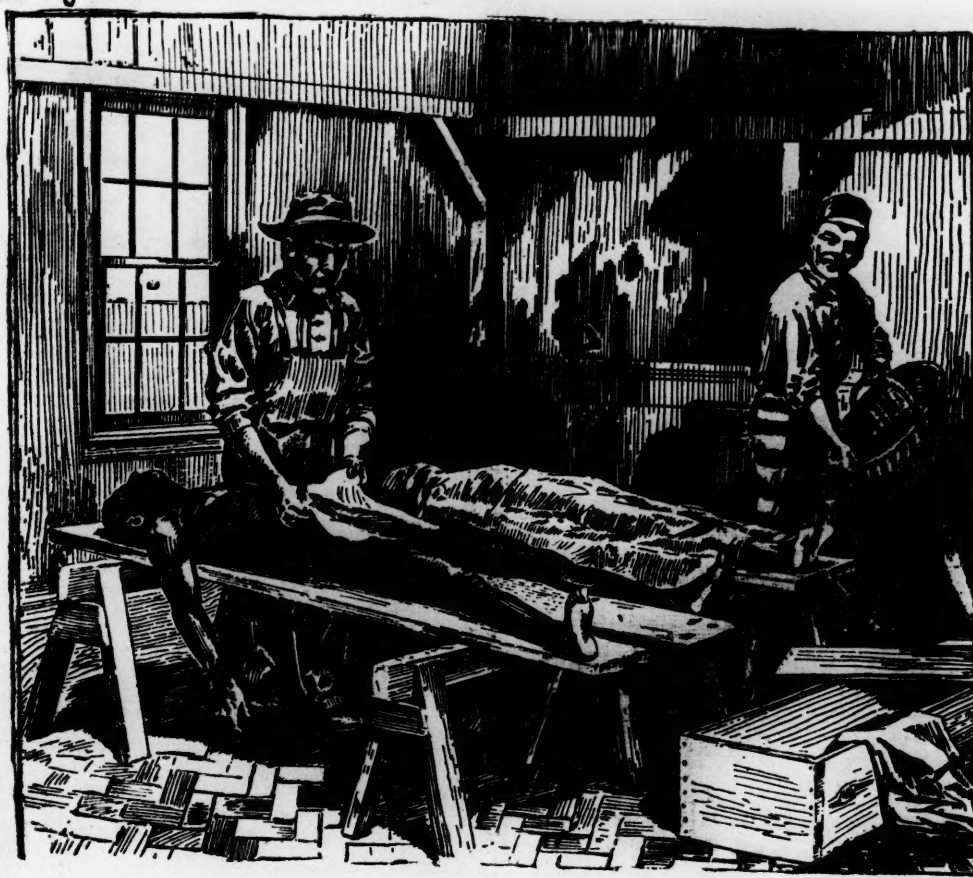


The razor strip of human skin.

The cane, which was made from the skins of convicts, and which has been in the possession of the Governor, has been turned over to Superintendent Harris of the State House. A piece of the same was

given to two of the professors at State University, who desire to make an analysis of the ingredients of the material and will report later. Dr. D. N. Kinsman, who made a microscopical examination of

and has not yet completed his analysis and has been furnished by Dr. Norris, assistant physician, with additional samples of the water. It is understood that the result of this analysis will be given to the Governor.



Skinning the corpse of a negro convict.

pieces of the cane, makes the following formal report to the Governor:

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 28, 1896.

To whom it may concern:

I have received for examination certain disks removed from a cane manufactured at the Ohio Penitentiary.

I find among them three different kinds.

1. White disks, which are made from the skin of a white person.
2. Dark disks, which are evidently made from the skin of a colored person.
3. Black disks, made from the tanned skin of some animal.

D. N. KINSMAN, M. D.

In confirmation of the whole story, Clerk Lang states that it was a matter of common report about the prison at that time that the skinning of convicts was going on, but he knew nothing definite about it. Mr. Andrew Redman, who is now serving on the jury in the Court of Common Pleas, has a piece of human skin from a convict which was given him by an ex-guard at the prison, and he will make some further examination about it before he says anything further.

A barber in one of the large shops on High street, Columbus, has a strap which he has been using for the past two months, and he states that it was given him by Edward Elterkin, a barber in another shop, who said it was given him by a young physician from the penitentiary. The strap was removed from the chair by order of the boss. There are some men who would be peculiar enough to not like to be shaved by a razor strapped on material of this character.

nor in writing and not made public previous to that. Dr. Clemmer the prison physician, made an analysis and states that there is no doubt of the presence of corrosive sublimate, as he made two thorough tests, and that Dr. F. W. Blake, the chemist of Columbus Medical College, to whom some of the water was submitted for analysis, found the existence of the same poisonous metal, but had not yet had time to designate the exact quantity of the poison to a given amount of water.

Regarding the examination being made by Professor Howard, a great deal depends upon the result of this analysis, and for that reason the examination will be made in such a manner as to leave not a flaw. The statements made in the Dispatch do not put the case in its proper light, but are twisted around about as much as they could be. Instead of the tests not having been satisfactory, they have not determined fully the presence in the water of corrosive sublimate only because they are not yet complete, the time so far having been too short to complete them, as several of the reactions and operations are very slow. It is fully determined, however, that there is mercury and chlorine in the water. These elements are those composing corrosive sublimate, but the quantities found must be weighed before it can be fully determined that they were in that form, as there are two compounds of these elements. As corrosive sublimate, however, is soluble in water and the other compound is not, the fact of the former's presence in the water can be taken as established. Professor Howard has had two installments of the water, each containing about three ounces, and was not compelled to send for more. The tests, so far as made, are perfectly satis-



Putting a finishing touch to one of the canes.

It is customary when developments of the character of these are made to say that it is only the statement of a convict who is working for a pardon. One of the prisoners who was on the stand before the grand jury was allowed by some oversight to leave the room without being asked if he did not expect some reward for his testimony, and on being recalled said there could be no reward of the kind, as he would be released by expiration of sentence in nine days, and that he had volunteered to say all he had in the statement.

The investigation into the attempted poisoning of prisoners wanted as witnesses, has not developed any clue to the perpetrators. John Francis was able to sit up and eat some, but he still has a very weak stomach. The others are all right again. The examination of the water continues. Professor C. C. How-

factory and when completed will, beyond much doubt, prove that the water contains corrosive sublimate.

Elmer Thomas, one of the most important witnesses, stated that nearly a month ago, when the investigation was going on, he discovered some kind of powder dissolved in his water, and part of it sprinkled on the floor of his cell, but that he did not make it known at the time, for the reason that he knew other prisoners, and perhaps some of the officials, would think he was scared or giving them a game. At any rate, he had been suspicious of his drink ever since.

A most important letter has been received by Gov. Foraker from Dr. W. W. Monroe, a dentist, and one of the leading citizens of Nelsonville. The letter, which is given below, establishes beyond a doubt that McCoy, the convict, was flayed after death, and de-

velops the important fact that Dr. Hanson had a hand in the affair. The letter, which explains itself fully, is as follows:

NELSONVILLE, O., Sept. 27, 1896.

Hon. J. B. Foraker, Governor of Ohio:

MY DEAR SIR—I see by the press that some of the statements made in your speech of the 24th inst. at Columbus with reference to the Ohio penitentiary are being denied. Now what I wish to say is this: While I have no desire to be mixed up in a public controversy, I feel it a duty to furnish you with a statement made to me by R. W. Hanson, M. D., late assistant in the hospital of the Ohio penitentiary, under the late Democratic rule. Dr. Hanson is now one of our respected practicing physicians. The doctor met me on the streets of Nelsonville on last Saturday evening and asked me if I had been reading the investigation now being made of the penitentiary. I told him I had. He then took from his pocket a copy of the Ohio State Journal, and said he wished to read some extracts from your speech and make some corrections of false statements in testimony read by you. Before reading he said to me:

"Now, Doc, I admit that we did do some things while we had charge of the penitentiary that were wrong, but, while this is the case, they tell some things that are false."

He then commenced reading your speech and when he came to the statement with reference to the Ballard



Poison on the cell floor.

horse, he said the affidavit was substantially true, that Marriott did get the horse and transferred Ballard from the foundry to the hospital as stated by Mrs. Ballard. He then said that, so far as he knew, F. W. Nye had not made any furniture for the officials, but that in a room connected with the hospital he was in the habit of making small cabinets and other fancy articles for the officials, that he (Hanson) had some such articles in his possession. He said that, of his own knowledge, Dr. Montgomery had nothing to do with the skinning of McCoy; that McCoy was under his charge in the hospital and that he (Hanson) had charge of the dead-house; that Nye remarked to him that if he had a piece of McCoy's skin he would make canes of it; that he (Hanson) went to the dead-house and cut a piece of skin twelve inches square from McCoy's back and gave it to Nye, who took it to the shed and hung it up to dry, but that they had not used the skin; that the Irishman was so fat that his skin had dried like an old piece of bacon rind.

In conclusion I wish to say that Dr. Hanson appeared to make no secret of his statement to me, and as he has made various statements of the above facts to a number of other persons, I have no doubt but



Just like a piece of bacon rind.

that he will make the same to you. Wishing you success in your efforts to purify our State institutions, I remain yours truly,

W. W. MONROE.

SCALDED BY HIS ATTENDANT.

[Subject of Illustration:]

Frank Hamilton, aged seven years, of Waynesburg, Stark county, Ohio, an inmate of the Ohio Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, died a horrible death Oct. 10th, after three days of most intense suffering. Thursday morning Henry Doebele, an attendant, found that the boy was in an unclean condition and took him to the bath. Turning on the water he left the almost imbecile child in the tub, and as soon as the cold water in the faucet had run out the scalding water came pouring in and surrounded the boy to the waist. He was unable to speak or help himself, and when the attendant returned the lad was in a faint and exhausted condition. On being lifted from the bath tub nearly the whole of the skin fell from the lower part of the body. The boy remained in agony until he died. Doebele came to the institution some weeks ago from Mansfield, Ohio. There is great indignation, both at the institution and outside, over the keeper's criminal negligence.

The Kiralfy's new premiere danseuse is named "Quality." Heretofore the Kiralfy ballets have been remarkable rather for their antiquity than for either quantity or quality.

A BIG BLOW.

The Frightful Havoc Wrought
by a Hurricane at Sabine
Pass, Texas.

DEATH BY DROWNING.

Nearly Two Hundred Human Beings
Perish in the Storm.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Telegraphic communication with all points outside of Texas was nearly suspended on the night of Oct. 13, owing to the storms in Louisiana, Arkansas and Indian Territory. The town of Sabine Pass, at the mouth of the Sabine river, the dividing line between Louisiana and Texas, is reported entirely washed away by the terrific storm of Tuesday night. More than fifty lives were lost out of a total population of 200 persons. All telegraphic communication with the town is cut off. Sabine Pass is sixty miles up the coast from Galveston, and twenty-eight miles southeast of Beaumont, the county seat of Jefferson county. It is thought that the bar in front of the town will prevent any tugs from landing, and owners there regard it as useless to attempt to enter the treacherous channel since the storm. The following account of the disaster was telegraphed to Houston:

News has been received from Sabine Pass of terrible loss of life and destruction of property in that place from the high water. We have no telegraphic communication with Sabine Pass, as the wires are all down, but an engine arrived here to-night over the East Texas Railway that left there about 6 o'clock. Two citizens who rowed in a small boat across an expanse of tossing waters, a distance of several miles from the town of Sabine to the railroad track, came in on an engine, and gave a heart-rending account of the disaster. They say the waters began to invade the town from the Gulf and the lake at about 2 P. M. on Tuesday, and rose with unprecedented rapidity. The citizens of the doomed place did not realize the imminent danger until it was too late to escape. When safety by flight was recognized as being out of the question, the people who were so situated that they could do it betook themselves to houses and resorts and adjured them to be safe. The water kept rising, and between 3 and 4 o'clock the smaller houses began to yield to the resistless force of the waves, which not only moved them, from their foundations, but turned them over on their sides and tops. A little later the larger houses began to give way and death by drowning seemed in store for every person in the place. With the yielding of the smaller houses several persons who had remained in them were drowned, and when the residences and business places began to crumble the fatality began to double.

The following complete list of the drowned was obtained from the two gentlemen who came in on the engine: Miss Mahala Chambers Jim Vondy and family of six; the wife of Otto Brown and two children; Homer King, wife and child; Mrs. Junker and son; Mrs. Pomeroy and family of five; Mrs. Stewart, daughter and son; a man by the name of Wilson; Mrs. Arthur McReynolds; Mrs. McDonald, daughter and grandson; Frank Mulhgan and family; Columbus Martin and family, and about twenty-five colored persons whose names could not be learned.

The above list comprises about fifty human victims of the storm, among them some of the leading families of the place. There are others and many of them doubtless drowned, without anyone now living knowing anything of it. It is feared that whole families in different places have been swept away. It is said that the situation during the latter part of the afternoon beggared description. The manifestations of terror and agony by the people looking face to face at death and realizing that there was no escape; the dying cries of women, and the rendered almost noiseless by the roar of the mad sea; the hoarse voices of pallid men trying to save those dear to them, all combined, made a scene too horrible to be described.

On receipt of this news the citizens of Beaumont immediately began preparations for the relief of the sufferers. The East Texas Railway has placed an engine at their disposal, and a party of men have gone to procure a boat and start for the scene of the disaster. The damage to property is very great. The wharf property of the town was owned by New York capitalists, who also own the adjoining lands, and were aiming to make Sabine Pass an important port on the Gulf coast.

Two brothers named Pomeroy were picked up by the schooner Andrew Baden in Sabine Lake. They had been in the water thirty-six hours clinging to their yawl. Their mother and sister and Mrs. Capt. Junker, her son, and a little girl of the party were lost. The Pomeroy report that fifty lives were lost at the Portier House, where the people had collected as the best place of safety. It went to pieces at 9 o'clock. Many persons are missing. Still greater loss is reported from Johnson's Bayou La. The entire families of Alfred Lambert, Marlon Lukes, George Striever, Charles Blanchet, Radford Berry, and two families by the name of Fransewar, besides many others whose names are not known.

FLAMES FROM COMMUNION WINE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A score or more of women made an interesting exposure of the alcohol in communion wine the other afternoon. They met in the chapel of the Broadway

Tabernacle, New York, at 3 o'clock and began a series of experiments to test the wine usually used in church communions. The secretary of the meeting, which was the monthly gathering of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, took a small globular glass and partially filled it with communion wine, and placed it in an iron standard. Beneath it she placed an alcohol lamp, and in a few moments the wine was bubbling in the glass. Then, igniting a match, she set fire to the fumes that rose through a glass tube in the cork.

Instantly a tongue of flame leaped up. There was about a gill of wine in the glass and the flame burned full six inches high for nearly five minutes. While it was burning, the secretary, Miss Julia Colman, explained that she had purchased the wine at a large grocery store, where communion wines were commonly sold. She had asked the proprietor what wines were most used for this purpose, and the answer was, "Port and sherry." She bought a bottle of the sherry, and it was this wine that was used in the experiment. Miss Colman then filled the phial with unfermented wine, which is grape juice without water or sugar, and tested that in the same way, but there was no flame when a burning match was held in the fumes. Other unfermented wines were also tested with the same result.

VERY ASTONISHED DUDES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At the witching hour when milkmen yawn, quite recently, Jack Dempsey, the pugilistic champion, was chatting with a friend on Golden Gate avenue, San Francisco, while they were about to part for their respective homes. Presently four duds in attired young fellows, who had evidently been paying their respects to Bacchus, came along, and halted in front of Dempsey and his companion. The revelers apparently mistook the mild-mannered and inoffensive-looking little fighter for an old enemy in the Police Department, for one of them ambled up to Jack, button-holed him and whispered audibly in his ear:

"So you are one of these alleged thief catchers, eh? A sort of a detective, as it were. You think you're a second Vidocq, but I say you are no good."

The other three chimed in with loud indorsements of their leader's caustic remarks, while Dempsey drew back and replied good naturedly but in a tone that had a business ring in it:

"Gentlemen, my friend and myself are having a private conversation with each other; so please do not disturb us. Knowing that you are mistaken in the person, I take no offense at what you have said, but if you are the gentlemen I take you to be you will go away and leave us alone. We would not interrupt you like this."

"Oh, chestnut," responded the dude spokesman, "you can't crawl out of it so easy as that. We know you and show our utter contempt for you in this way." With this the dude gave Dempsey a stinging open-handed blow across the left ear.

The next instant Mr. Dude sailed up into the air, and caromed against the telephone post, twenty feet away. Dude No. 2 followed after him in a tour of inspection down an adjacent basement stairway. The third one fared even worse, for Dempsey kept a detaining hand on him and threshed him so severely that society will be deprived of his presence for some time to come. Having relented somewhat by this time, Jack let the fourth man off with a parting kick beneath his coat tails, which accelerated his speed to the other side of the street in a manner wonderful to behold.

For a few moments quiet reigned supreme, and then the astonished dudes collected themselves together at a safe distance and held a council of war. The verdict was unanimous that they had mistaken their man, and they were about to wend their sorrowful ways homeward when Dempsey's friend approached with a flag of truce and added despair to their already great misery by informing them with a malicious smile who it was they had encountered.

The young men are well known both in society and about town, and two of them are prominent members of an athletic club. Hereafter they will remember the watchword of "Look before you leap."

SHOT DEAD IN HER BED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A special to St. Louis from Houston, Mo., says: "The most mysterious and diabolical crime ever perpetrated in Southern Missouri was committed on Big Creek, six miles east of this city, last Friday, at three o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Ella Williams, the bride of Rolfe Williams, was lying asleep by the side of her husband, when some unknown person entered the bedroom, placed a pistol against her forehead and sent a bullet through her brain. The report of the revolver awakened Williams, but he had been ill for some time and was unable to pursue the murderer. Two men sleeping in an adjoining room were also awakened, and they immediately went to the room after procuring a light. As they entered a most revolting scene met their eyes. The young bride lay motionless on the bed, blood streaming from her forehead and her brains protruding from the wound. The bullet had entered just above the right eye, and that organ had been forced from its socket and was hanging by a cord upon her cheek.

The men immediately made search for the murderer, but could find no trace of him, and he is still at large. No possible motive can be assigned for the deed, except that some disappointed former lover of the bride took this means of revenge. Mrs. Williams, before her marriage, was the belle of the county and bore an irreproachable character. The couple, who were children of wealthy and respected farmers, had been married but two months.

MADE A NOOSE OF HIS BANDANNA.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Michael Burke, one of the most prominent members of the Irish Blaine and Logan Club two years ago, was put into the lockup at New Haven, Conn., the other night for intoxication. He was attacked by delirium tremens and asserted that the beelers of James Reynolds, democratic nominee for Sheriff, were after him to try to kill him. Finally he took a bandanna handkerchief and tied it to the iron staircase about 9 feet from the floor and placed the other end about his neck and jumped off. The alarm was given and Doorman Moore came in and held him up until the handkerchief could be cut, when Burke, who weighs 200 lbs., fell insensible to the floor. In a minute more he would have been dead. It took a long time to re-uscitate him. He was taken to the insane asylum in the Almshouse.

ATTACKED BY A MOB.

Gottfried Waller, Who Testified Against the Anarchists, Has a Close Call.

The first demonstration of a violent nature indulged in by the Socialistic element at Chicago since the conviction of Spies, Parsons, et al. was made the other night, and was directed against Gottfried Waller, who was an important witness for the prosecution in the late trial. Waller, it will be remembered, was an anarchist of a mild type and a member of several Socialistic organizations, who fell into the hands of the police after the Haymarket riot. He disclosed to the authorities all he knew concerning the plots and plans of the conspirators and gave material testimony toward their conviction. For this he has been subjected to endless persecution at the hands of anarchist sympathizers, so much so that he has been three times compelled to change his residence, his present abode being on Sedgwick street. About 9:30 o'clock he went into a saloon at No. 105 Wells street, known as the Garden City House, and kept by Alfred Stierlan. This place before the riot was kept by Franc Herzog.

It was the hotbed and recognized headquarters of Swiss Socialism on the North side. Herzog fled the city after the massacre, in time to escape arrest, and the saloon passed into the hands of Stierlan. When Waller entered the place it contained about twenty men in more or less advanced stages of intoxication. The new-comer was at first given the cold shoulder, but soon angry glances were directed toward him and the epithets of "Spy!" "Traitor!" "Coward!" were hurled at him. Then the whole gang made a simultaneous rush at him and Waller retreated to the street. He was there seized by the throat by one of his pursuers, but managed to break loose. He fled in the direction of Chicago avenue, followed by the mob, whose numbers were increased by hundreds of men emerging from saloons along the street. At the corner of Chicago avenue he was again overtaken, when he drew his revolver and fired several shots, at the same time continuing his retreat in the direction of the Chicago avenue police station. His enemies, with a wholesome respect for Capt. Schaeck's officers, gave up the pursuit. Waller reported the affair at the station and policemen were sent out to arrest the leaders of the mob, but did not capture any. On account of the persistent persecution of which he is the object, Waller announced his determination to return to Germany and remain there until the excitement over the Anarchist troubles shall have subsided. How much execution Waller did in the mob with his revolver could not be ascertained, but it was reported that one man was wounded in the shoulder and hurried out of sight by his friends. Adolph Hauser found a bullet in his clothing. The lower part of his face was also turned with powder, showing that he must have been very close to Waller's pistol.

BOB WINSTON.

[With Portrait.]

Bob Winston, ex-English athlete, was born in the parish of Fulham, London, Eng., Aug. 5, 1847. He stands 5 feet 3 1/2 inches, and in condition weighs 108 pounds. He first appeared as an athlete on Good Friday, in 1862, as "Springer's boy," when he won a mile handicap run, off the 150-yard mark, at Wandsworth Common, Eng. July 10 he ran second in a half-mile run near London, Eng. Sept. 12, 1863, he defeated Frank Parsons in a half-mile run at the Old Brompton grounds, London, for £25 a side. Dec. 26, 1864, he won a mile handicap run at the Brompton grounds, London, against a field of twenty-five competitors. On Good Friday, 1865, he won a 2-mile walking handicap, on the 200 yard mark, at the Hackney Wick, London. He next won a 1,000 yard run at the Star grounds, Fulham. Same place he ran second in a mile handicap, beating Blower Brown and George Topley. July 15, 1866, he was beaten by Jack Manning in a bare knuckle fight in 27 rounds, lasting 55 minutes, near London, for £10. June 25, 1875, was defeated by George Stephenson in a mile run for £25 a side at Lillie Bridge grounds, London. Time, 4 minutes 45 seconds. July 8 he beat Blower Brown in a mile run at Star grounds, Fulham, London, for £20, but in October of the same year Blower Brown beat him in a 2-mile run for £20. At the Cab drivers' fete at Lillie Bridge, London, July 28, 1883, he took first prize in a mile walk and second to Mendel in a stone plecting contest. July 18, 1877, he won a £10 half mile handicap run at the Bow grounds, London, from the 30 yard mark. Aug. 30 at the same place he defeated F. Wren in a mile walk, and allowed Wren 1 1/2 minutes' start in a 1 hour run and lost. Winston was also defeated by Wren in a 10 stone boxing competition on the same day. Nov. 22 he won a boxing competition at Chelsea Baths, London, beating a large field of competitors. Dec. 2, he took second prize in the all England 108 pound boxing tournament at the same place. Same year he was defeated by F. Wren in a 20 mile run at Lillie Bridge, London, for £20 a side. March 17, 1882, he whipped F. Wren in a glove fight at the Chelsea Baths, London, for the championship of the cab trade. Same day and place he won a 5 mile handicap race from the scratch, beating sixteen competitors. Sept. 12 he won a 10 mile handicap run from the scratch, at the Lillie Bridge grounds, London, defeating Horace Head, A. J. Goody, F. Wren and others. Winston arrived in Boston, Mass., May 16, 1883, and has since retired from active sport. He is one of the oldest pedestrians. Winston trained A. Sinclair, the English amateur champion long distance walker, when he beat Dixon in a 50 mile race and broke all the amateur records up to 26 hours. Winston is well booked in athletics.

CRAWLED OUT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mollie Hoey, one of the shrewdest and most daring of shoplifters, went to Cleveland a few days ago and made a systematic raid of the principal stores, in one of which she took a \$400 shawl. She confines her operations to silks and costly fabrics. She is jailed, and her husband, who was arrested, but is out on bail, prowled about the jail. Mollie kept apart from her fellow-prisoners. The night of Oct. 12 she escaped from the jail. It was a daring exploit. She enlisted a boy named Regenaar, who recently escaped from jail and has just been recaptured, to aid her by watching the turnkey. She removed the bricks from the wall near a window and made a hole 3 feet square. She carried the removed bricks to the fourth floor, and when not at work covered the hole with an oil cloth the color of the wall. She must have had to remove some of her clothing to crawl through the hole, but she did it at night, and although she was com-

pelled to crawl out in view of a busy street she was not detected. A buggy in waiting drove rapidly away with her and the boy Regenaar. Officers are now scouring the country to recapture her.

A RED BLUFF HEROINE.

A Girl's Struggle With a Two Hundred Pound Burglar.

Director Boggs, of the State Board of Prison Directors, is interesting himself on behalf of Miss Flora Franks, a young lady of Red Bluff, Cal., and is conducting a personal canvass among his friends for the purpose of raising a sum of money with which to reward the young lady for her bravery and self-possession under circumstances which the following statement, as made by Mr. Boggs, explains:

"We have," said Mr. Boggs, "at the present time a very desperate burglar named Jim Winters in the Folsom penitentiary. The name Winters we have reason to believe is an alias, but we have been unable to learn his right name. He is about fifty years of age and an exceedingly heavy and powerful man. He has thirty years to serve. We have found it necessary to have him placed in an isolated cell and guarded continually by a couple of wardens. Miss Franks figured very prominently in the capture of this desperado, which took place last winter. The girl and her brother were living with their mother, who kept a lodging house at Red Bluff. One night Winters entered the premises on burglary intent, and while examining the contents of a bureau he was heard by the widow, who struck a light, and, seeing the burglar, rushed from the room; he making a lunge at her with a dirk-knife.

"Master Franks, who is anything but a robust lad, ran in from an adjoining room on hearing his mother cry out, and threw himself on the burglar, who staggered back under the unexpected assault, falling on a bedstead and breaking it down. The dilapidated bedstead formed a kind of trap for the burglar, and young Franks managed to keep on top of him for a considerable time, but the lad's strength gave out, and the ruffian had regained his knife, and was about to strike the boy, when his sister came to his assistance and held Winters' uplifted arm with a strength born of desperation, so that he could not knife her brother. She wrestled with the big ruffian for fully fifteen minutes, assisted by her brother, who had regained his strength. In the meantime the police, who had been called in by Mrs. Franks, made their appearance, and the burglar was disarmed and handcuffed. In the affray Miss Franks had her hands severely cut with the knife wielded by the burglar, and the wretch almost severed one of the young lady's fingers with his teeth."

Mr. Boggs has been very successful with the subscription list among his colleagues and the prison officials at San Quentin, and the result looks promising for the plucky little damsel.

THEY FOUGHT ABOUT A WOMAN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A ring fight in the old style is a novelty nowadays, and such an affair caused a large crowd of sporting men to assemble Thursday week evening at a resort on the Coney Island Boulevard. The principals were heavy weights, and they fought for a lady's hand.

The names of the fighters are John Trodden and Henry Butts. They reside in the Fourth Ward and met at the residence of their adopted one the previous Sunday night. They quarrelled and agreed to fight in a 24-foot ring to obtain a settlement of their differences. John Duffy was referee and Mike Reynolds time-keeper. Trodden is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighed 200 pounds. Butts is half an inch shorter and weighed 251 pounds. Neither man had trained for the event, and as they possessed little science the battle was a slugfests match from the start.

Three rounds were fought and the men were badly punished. In the first round Trodden's left eye was closed and he was knocked down. Then, however, he took the lead, and at the end of the third round Butts was unable to stand. His eyes were closed and blood flowed from his nose and mouth. Although Butts was defeated, the young lady about whom the men fought is said to be nursing his wounds.

TWO LUCKY MEN.

Strange Story of a Lottery Ticket—John Connor's Presentiment.

John Connor, of this city, held one-tenth of ticket No. 31,583, that drew the first capital prize of \$150,000 at the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, September 14th. Mr. Connor worked in Cammick & Decker's lime kilns on 28th street, near K. He bought the ticket for himself and a colored man named Jake Simms, each contributing fifty cents. Mr. Connor's story, as told by him to a Star reporter, is rather strange and interesting. He has always been a hard-working, industrious man, but the demands of a growing family have made it difficult for him to keep his "head above water" in a financial sense. "This was my fifth ticket," he said to the Star reporter, "or rather one fifth ticket, for I have put in only half a dollar a month. Last month I had so much to pay out, doctor's bills and other things, that I thought I would drop the lottery ticket. Still I kept thinking of it. One night I was awakened, as I thought, by some one calling my name. I rose, went to the window and looked around, but could see or hear no one. All the time the lottery ticket was in my mind. I went to the kiln next day, and asked one of my fellow workmen to go in with me, telling him the ticket would surely win; but he declined. Then Jake Simms gave me a half dollar, and I bought a ticket. I chalked the number on a board in the kiln, and said to my fellow-workman, 'Chris, you have missed it; that ticket will draw \$15,000.' Somehow I felt perfectly sure of it, and you know the rest."

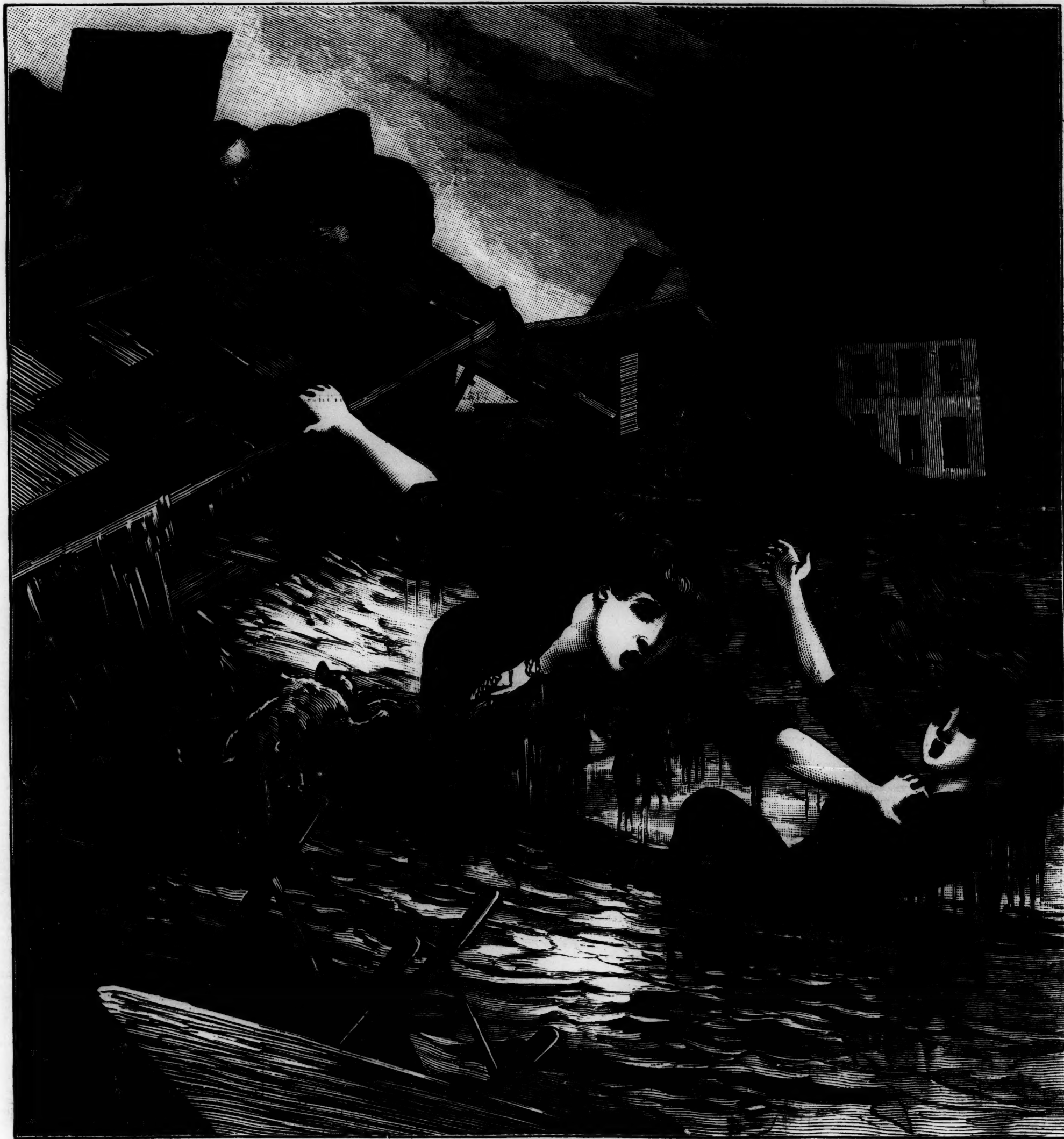
Mr. Connor obtained the \$15,000 through the Adams Express Company, and at once deposited it in bank, half to his own credit and half to that of Simms. He has quit work at the kiln, and will soon move from his humble home near the kiln to a place he has bought for himself in South Washington, where he proposes to go into business for himself. By this favor of fortune he has been raised from straightened circumstances to comparative independence. Mr. Connor speaks of his good luck in a tone of devout thankfulness. Simms too had a large family dependent on him, and has made prudent and thrifty use of his good fortune. — Washington (D. C.) Star, Oct. 7.

Oh, Burdock, Burdock, brace up and be a man. You can cover that second bag as well as any man in the business if you only cut loose from tangle foot, for he is the demon that is knocking you out.



WAS IT A GENUINE RIOT?

THE ATTACK ON INFORMER WALLER WHICH THE CHICAGO POLICE ALLEGE TO HAVE OCCURRED IN A SALOON ON THE NORTH SIDE.



A FRIGHTFUL DISASTER.

THE THRIVING AND ENTERPRISING TOWN OF SABINE PASS, TEXAS, IS WIPED OUT BY A TERRIBLE HURRICANE AND FLOOD WHICH DESTROYS OVER TWO-HUNDRED LIVES.



A STRANGE EXPERIMENT.

THE TEMPERANCE CRANKS OF NEW YORK, LED BY MISS JULIA COLMAN, SET FIRE TO SOME SAMPLES OF COMMUNION WINE IN THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE.



HE WASN'T SHOT ON THE SPOT.

CAPTAIN QUIGLEY, A CANADIAN NAVAL OFFICER, HAULS DOWN THE AMERICAN FLAG OF THE CAPTURED SCHOONER MARION GRIMES AT SHELBURNE, NOVA SCOTIA.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

Pat Killen offers to fight any man in the world, barring Sullivan, for any amount of money. He is particularly anxious to meet either Cardiff or Ryan, and failing to do this will probably arrange a match with the champion. He does not expect to do up Sullivan, but thinks he can make as good a showing as any who have gone against him. He says it would be no disgrace for him to be knocked out by Sullivan.

Arrangements have been made for a glove fight for a year between John McLaughlin, of Brooklyn, and Billy Frazier, of Somerville, Mass. The men are to battle on the 28th inst. in a room at Boston. "Police Gazette" rules will govern, and the men will fight with small gloves to a finish. For nearly a year McLaughlin and Frazier have been proposing a meeting, and each has claimed to be the light-weight champion. The match will be looked forward to with considerable interest.

The following explains itself: NEW YORK, Oct. 13, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor: Sir—In reply to Mr. Jester's challenge, I wish to state that I have expressed myself through these columns as being ready to fight any light weight in America for \$500 a side and have \$100 posted. All that is necessary to insure a match is to cover my forfeit.

JOHN REAGAN, Light-weight champion of America.

Jack Fogarty is eager to meet Joe Ellingsworth in a glove contest to a finish for a purse or for a stipulated sum, and Ellingsworth is just as anxious to meet Fogarty; but still there is always some drawback which prevents a match between these famous middle weights. Ellingsworth's backers have on several occasions posted their money at this office and offered fair terms for their champion to meet Fogarty, but, strange to say, nothing results from the overtures. The sporting public desire to see Fogarty meet Ellingsworth, and we are informed that the Ellingsworth party are ready to ratify a match any time Fogarty is willing to do so.

Sporting men of Baltimore are trying to induce John L. Sullivan to visit the Monumental City and box six rounds with Jake Kilrain. It is understood that if the match is arranged for scientific points that the mill can be fought on the race track at Baltimore. Sullivan may have reasons for not agreeing to meet Kilrain, but the fact that thousands would pay to see the wonder of the world face Kilrain may overcome the champion's scruples. If the match is arranged it will create quite a stir in prize ring circles. Kilrain is a clever, shifty boxer, very hard to land on; and it was all Charley Mitchell could do when they met at Boston to hold his own against him.

The following explains itself: NEW YORK, Oct. 16, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor: DEAR SIR—Please state that Frank Herald is ready to arrange a match to box any man in America, eight or ten rounds, Joe Lannon preferred, the winner to take 75 and the loser 25 per cent. of the gate money. If Lannon is not anxious to arrange a match, Jake Kilrain, Jack Ashton, Pat Killen or Dominick McCaffrey can be accommodated. I consider Herald just as great a pugilist now as he was before his accidental defeat by Lannon. Yours, E. F. MALLAHAN, LEBANON, OHIO, Oct. 15, 1886.

The following challenge explains itself: LEBANON, OHIO, Oct. 15, 1886.

Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Sir—Seeing that Paddy Ryan is open to fight any man in the world, please state in your well known sporting paper that I am ready to fight Paddy Ryan any time he may name, six, eight or ten rounds, to a finish with small gloves. "Police Gazette" rules, on any conditions he may name, for either gate receipts or for \$1,000 a side, the fight to be decided in Pittsburgh, Allegheny City, or any suitable place. If Ryan does not accept, the challenge is open to any man in the world. P. JOYCE.

Lemuel McGregor, known among pugilists as the "St. Joe Kid," and Tom Kelly of Franklin met and fought a hard battle at Hamilton, O., Oct. 13. The fight took place in a 20-foot ring in front of the staging of the Globe Opera House. Two ounces kid mitts were used in the fight. In the fourth round the "Kid" scored the only knock down of the fight, flooring Kelly in his own corner. The latter slowly regained his feet, and the "Kid" made a vicious lunge at his head, but failed to land effectively. Kelly immediately clinched him, and the men were held in chancery for several moments. The "Kid" expressed a willingness to break away, but Kelly refused to obey the referee's command, and the fight was awarded to the "St. Joe Kid" on a foul. The fight was a desperate one throughout, and much punishment was inflicted on both sides. Kelly was a thoroughly beaten man.

One of the main topics among sporting circles in England is the forthcoming prize fight between Jim Smith, the champion of England, and John Kulton, the 81-tonner, the second deposit of \$25 a side having been duly posted. Kulton is probably employed with Jim Mac at Ginnett's Circus, where they draw large crowds every time they spar. The yokels accord the retired champion and his protegee most hearty receptions, and appear to take great interest in the boxing. Jack Davis, who was beaten by Smith last year, has challenged Kulton or any other man, but the champion, for \$200 a side. Kulton has treated the offer contemptuously, and says Davis has spoken out of his turn, and that he should not consider it any credit to defeat a man of his calibre. Davis, however, evidently means business as he will stake whenever the "81-tonner" likes. Probably Kulton thinks he has quite enough on hand with the champion, and that opinion is thoroughly coincident.

Bryan Campbell, the well-known pugilist, who has fought a number of fine encounters in the magic circle, and for large stakes, has forwarded the following challenge to this office: LEADVILLE, COLO., Oct. 13, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor: I will fight Billy Lynn, or John Cunningham, of Silverton, with kid gloves, for from (\$1,000) one thousand dollars up, according to the revised rules of the Marquis of Queensberry, and if they do not accept this challenge, I am open to fight any man in the world of my age and weight (forty-six years of age and 150 pounds weight) for a like amount, and the \$100 now in your hands, posted by my brother Tom to back Jack Davis to fight John P. Clow, with my brother's consent, remains there to back up the above challenge, and if either of them cover it there will be \$100 sent for Masterman to cover and vice versa. Trusting I will receive an early reply, I remain yours truly, BRYAN CAMPBELL.

Dominick McCaffrey and "Sparrow" Golden, signed articles of agreement at Philadelphia on Oct. 12 to fight to a finish within six weeks, with skin gloves, for a purse of \$1,500, to be made up by prominent club men of that city. McCaffrey also bet Golden \$2,500 on the outside. They put up a forfeit of \$500 each. McCaffrey will go to training at Johnny Clark's Lamb tavern. Alf Lunt will train McCaffrey. Golden starts immediately for a boat house near Chester, where he will train. Arthur Chambers will look after him. The place of meeting has not been decided upon, but McCaffrey says he will not fight in Pennsylvania and wants to fight somewhere in New England. Golden has fought a good many hard battles and is heavier than McCaffrey. Golden's back has plenty of cash and has made several outside bets on his man. Arthur Chambers put up \$50 and bet Johnny Clark \$500 that Golden would whip McCaffrey. The men are to meet and agree upon a fighting ground and a referee. McCaffrey and Chambers are very reticent and refuse to give any particulars. It is said that some place in Connecticut has already been agreed upon.

Frank Glover, the Illinois champion heavy weight, who recently met Ryan in a glove contest at Cheltenham Beach, under the "Parson's" management, which the police put an end to in the second round, when asked the other day whether Ryan could lick Sullivan or not, grinned broadly as he replied: "He can't lick one side of him. If he's anywhere near as good as he was the day he met Burke out here at the driving park. He hasn't got the science and he lacks the hitting powers necessary to do any damage. Ryan is shoulder bound, and can't strike out. But he's game. I think and will make Sullivan fight if he can only get in close enough for him, he shows best at close quarters, being an excellent half-arm fighter, and when in that position he can use both hands to good advantage. He isn't

quick, however, and if the Boston boy wishes to he will have no difficulty in keeping away and fighting him at long range. Ryan had agreed to meet me again there on Oct. 25, but I don't suppose that he will now. Shedd and the "Parson" between them have cheated the boys out of lots of fun, and the sooner they bury the hatchet the better it will be for all of us."

Why don't Johnny McLaughlin find backers to match him against Billy Frazier, of Boston? The latter is repeatedly challenging him. Why is it that McLaughlin hesitates in agreeing to meet the New England boxer in the ring? Frazier evidently means business as will be seen by the following: SOMERVILLE, Oct. 14, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor: Sir—Is John McLaughlin a boxer or a bluffer. Allow me to say that I am sick of all such paper fighters and champions as he has proven himself to be. The sporting public of Boston know that McLaughlin and I have been matched to fight twice, and both times McLaughlin crawled, much to the disgust of those interested in the event. He claims himself light-weight champion. He is without doubt the greatest paper champion outside of Frank White living. To show the public how much I fear him I will fight him any day he may mention, he not to weigh over 150 pounds, my weight; kid gloves, to a finish, any rules he wishes, for a \$5 note. Enclosed my stakes. Very truly yours, BILLY FRAZIER, L. W. C. of America.

P. S.—Any word will reach me at Haverhill, Mass., Webster House.

At Chicago, on Oct. 16, there was a desperate prize ring encounter between Charles Reed of Buffalo, a 165 pound pugilist, and John Brindy of Omaha, who weighs 170 pounds. Reed was backed by a well-known Board of Trade man, while stock yards men were behind Brindy. The stakes were \$250 a side, and the battle, which lasted through 33 rounds and 2 hours and 10 minutes, is said to have been one of the most desperate that has ever been fought in this vicinity, the gloves used, being of the skin variety. The first ten or twelve rounds were rather tame, the men being wary and feeling each other, but after that they went at it hammer and tongs. Reed was nearly knocked out twice in the twenty-first and twenty-fifth rounds, but came to both times in 9 seconds, and though groggy gained continued the battle. In the thirty-third round both men came up very weak, Reed being a trifle the stronger of the two. But little damage was done in the early part of the round, but finally, Reed, feinting with his right hand, caught Brindy a terrific left-handed upper-cut on the chin, knocking him into the ropes, against which he leaned for a moment and then fell heavily in the middle of the ring. Both men were badly punished, and had to be taken away from the scene of action in carriages. The sides and ceiling of the room in which they fought were spattered with blood.

Ryan went into strict training at Chicago on Oct. 14, for his coming match with Sullivan, and seems to grow more confident with every day that passes.

"I'll be in better shape by Nov. 15 than the big fellow ever saw me in. If he thinks he's going to have a picnic to get away with me this time, he is mistaken. I shall leave here on or about Nov. 3 for San Francisco. As Parson Davies says he is going about the same time, I presume we will go together."

"Maybe the Parson is going to try and stop the mill, so as to get even with Shedd," suggested a bystander.

"Oh, no," said Paddy. "He wouldn't do that, and I'll gamble on it. He told me that he wouldn't raise a hand to prevent it if he could, and I am satisfied that he will keep his word."

The Parson, who has recently returned from San Francisco, where he had planned a meeting between Burke and Dempsey, which, owing to Shedd's machinations, he could not get a license for until after the election, was found by the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at his place on Clark street, Chicago, Oct. 14. When asked what he proposed to do in relation to the proposed meeting between Sullivan and Ryan, he said:

"Nothing at all, and, furthermore, I shall go on to see the mill which I am confident will come off. I have never interfered to stop a boxing exhibition here or anywhere else, though I know I have been accused of so doing, and I cannot believe that any man would be low enough to do a thing of that kind. I like to make money, and I like to see other men make it. I have all I can do to mind my own business without interfering with that of others. I went over to see Ryan last night, and had a very pleasant chat with him. He has my best wishes, and I hope he will make some money."

"You don't believe he can beat Sullivan, do you?"

"Well, as to that, I would prefer to not express my opinion. I might agree with the majority, you know, but if I should say so it would only make enemies for me that there is no use of making."

The Parson speaks very highly of the treatment given him in San Francisco, and thinks that as soon as the election is over there will be no difficulty in bringing off both the Sullivan and Ryan and Burke and Dempsey contests. The last named pair having signed articles for a 10-round engagement with small gloves, to take place as soon after the battle between the "big uns" as can be arranged.

LeBlanche, the Marine, and Jimmie Carroll, who are to form a part of the Sullivan combination, are expected to arrive in Chicago from St. Louis on Oct. 16, while John L. is expected to put in an appearance during the early part of the coming week.

Ever since Paddy Ryan's last meeting with the champion, John L. Sullivan, at Madison Square Garden, New York, when the police interfered before the battle could be said to have fairly begun, the Trojan has expressed himself as more than anxious to get another chance at the Boston boy, and has issued challenge after challenge having this end in view. To these challenges Sullivan has paid no attention, and among the sports generally in this section the idea steadily gained ground that Ryan was only bluffing, as he knew that Sullivan would not consent to meet him, except for a stake so large that Ryan could not hope to find a backer. Ryan persevered, however, in his determination, till Sullivan finally became tired of so much talking and authorized Pat Shedd, his manager, to make a match for him with the Trojan. Ryan at once cancelled his engagement with Chas. E. Davies, and expressed his willingness to sign the articles for a match whenever Pat Shedd was ready. The latter promised that Ryan should be given the first chance, and on Oct. 11 articles were signed for a glove contest to take place on the Pacific Slope as follows: Articles of agreement entered into at the office of the Sporting and Theatrical Journal, Chicago, Ill., this 11th day of October, 1886, between John L. Sullivan, of Boston, champion pugilist of the world, and Paddy Ryan, of Chicago, ex-champion of the world, witnesses: That the said Sullivan and Ryan agree to box at San Francisco, Cal., on Monday evening, Nov. 15, 1886, 6 rounds, according to the revised Marquis of Queensberry rules, the winner to take 75 per cent. and the loser 25 per cent. of the receipts, after the expenses have been deducted. It is further agreed that in case of interference by the police, or from any cause whatever, the referee shall award the fight to the man having the best of it up to the time of the interference; the referee to be supplied with a copy of this agreement, and to be notified thoroughly upon all necessary points. In witness whereof we hereunto attach our hands this day and year first above written.

(Signed) PATRICK RYAN, PAT SHEDDY, for JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

A supplementary clause to the above articles, signed by both parties, contains a proviso that neither man shall fight, issue or accept a challenge to fight prior to Nov. 15, this clause of course being insisted upon by the wily Shedd in order to prevent Ryan from keeping his engagement to meet Glover at Battery D, on Oct. 5, and thus again checkmate the "parson" in his money-making scheme. After the articles had been signed Shedd freely admitted that he would rather have had the match decided in Chicago than any other point that he could name, but that it was impossible owing to his relations with Chas. E. Davies. "Ryan got credit for being a cur that time when he did not deserve it. His mother was really very sick and Paddy did not feel that he could leave her. He'll go this time sure enough, though, you see if he don't. Why, he really thinks that he can lick Sullivan to-day, and will not be convinced to the contrary until he has tried it."

"Do you apprehend any police interference on them?"

"No, I do not. I think that the police will let them box the stipulated six rounds without raising a hand. They know, as does everybody else, that no one was ever very seriously hurt with small gloves, and they are as anxious to know which is the best man as any of the boys. I hope with John, though, that Ryan will have a true that will hold him this time, so that he cannot have that for an excuse if he is done up."

Shedd spoke very freely and hopefully of his plans, and says that Sullivan shall meet Ryan, Burke, Mitchell and others in California if they will meet him, after which he will come back East, visiting all the larger cities en route and giving exhibitions. After disposing of all corners here he will make a tour of England and Australia and then return.

SPORTING NEWS.

AGENTS WANTED.

A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the "Police Gazette" where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application. RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor, Franklin Square, New York.

Lucky Baldwin's winnings are nearly \$70,000.

John L. Sullivan left New York on Oct. 18 to commence a tour with his combination.

Hamilton will ride for Billy Lakeland next year, but will accept all outside engagements.

Bowman and Moore, the bicycle riders, are matched to ride 10 miles on October 22, at Elizabeth.

Lucien Mare Christol, of Toledo, wants to wrestle James Faulkner, of Cincinnati, for gate receipts.

Muldoon has a 165-pound man whom he offers to back to wrestle any amateur in the country, Greco-Roman style, for a suitable price.

D. R. McMillan, the wrestler, now residing in Storrs, Conn., desires Homer Lane to communicate with him on business.

Miles Stratton, of Balaton Spa, N. Y., says that he will be happy to meet Steve Farrell, of Rockville, Conn., in a half-mile run for \$250 a side.

The slugging match which was to have taken place Thursday between LeBlanche and Dan Daly at St. Louis was prohibited by the police.

William Miller, pugilist and wrestler, has been appointed instructor and superintendent of the Police Athletic Club gymnasium, Melbourne, Australia.

Dr. F. W. Carver writes that he will be in New York in November and arrange a match to shoot William Graham at 100 birds, Harrington rules, for \$1,000 to \$5,000.

Billy Madden has opened a first-class wine room, corner of One Hundred and First Street and Third Avenue, which will be the sporting headquarters in that vicinity.

The Dwyer Bros. were the biggest winners at Gravesend, with \$7,512.50, of which \$1,111.11 was \$1,111.11. Barnum won \$6,155 for E. J. Woodford, and J. B. Haggis was third on the list, with \$4,640.

William H. Meek will walk William O'Keefe, Long Island City champion, a 10 mile heel-and-toe race on the Star Athletic Grounds, Long Island City, Nov. 6, for the championship of New York State.

Jack Hanley, the middle-weight pugilist, who was sentenced in 1884 to two years in the New York Penitentiary for engaging in a prize fight with Jim Felt, will receive his discharge on Oct. 25.

A pool bill is being drafted by members of one of the jockey clubs, and the announcement is made that only legitimate means will be used to pass the bill through the Legislature. That settles the bill.

Frank F. Dole, instructor in sparring and athletics, has been engaged for another year as instructor to the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. Dole refused a flattering offer from Amherst (Mass.) College.

F. W. Moulton, the old time sprinter, offers to take five yards start in seventy-five from any man in the country for \$500 a side, the race to occur in St. Paul or Minneapolis within four weeks of signing articles.

The trial of indicted bookmakers in Kings county will occur next week. Most of the indicted men are New Yorkers. They expect to be acquitted, as Kings county juries seem to favor gambling on race tracks.

It is more than likely that the people of Baltimore or Washington will have a chance to witness a match between The Bard and Elkwood, a mile and three-quarters. McLaughlin will ride Elkwood and Hayward The Bard.

Max Stock and Jack Ryan, of Hartford, fought according to Queensberry rules, at Wethersfield, Conn., on Sunday, Oct. 17. Fifteen rounds were fought when Stock struck Ryan a foul blow and the battle was given to Ryan.

The Athenian Club of Boston, has been reorganized and will take the place of the Crib club at Boston. It is the intention of the management to give purses for several scientific boxing exhibitions during this Fall and Winter.

An athletic association has been formed at Berlin, Ont., with a capital of \$3,000, and the following officers: Dr. Bowley, president; James Gibson, vice-president; G. M. Wedd, secretary; D. B. Dewar, treasurer, and Alex. Miller, solicitor.

A pigeon shooting match has been arranged between the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club and the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club. The terms are 15 a side, 25 yards rise, five traps five yards apart. It will take place at Dexter Park on the 27th inst.

The proposed glove contest between Sullivan and Ryan is the chief topic of conversation in sporting circles, and the general conclusion seems to be that Ryan would this time keep his engagement, as he has all to win and nothing to lose by so doing.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., is organizing a select racing stable. In addition to Canbrys and Yreonda he has a string of fifteen yearlings. Several of them are very promising. Matt Byrnes, Dwyer Brothers' late trainer, will have charge of the racers at his farm, near Monmouth Park.

A reception to Frank Herald takes place Tuesday evening, Oct. 26, at Eastern District Skating Rink, Grand street, Brooklyn, E. D. The programme includes set-to's between Herald and Joe Denning, Denning and Jack Ashton, Billy Madden and Jack McLaughlin, and McLaughlin and Mike Coburn.

Harry L. Hamlin, of Chicago, a member of the rush line in the football team of Yale, while practicing at football at New Haven, on Oct. 15, broke his right leg just above the ankle. He was at once taken to his rooms at the college, where the fracture was reduced. It will probably result in his separating from the team for the rest of the season.

The annual fall meeting of the Lehigh Valley Athletic Association was held at Bethlehem, Pa., Oct. 16. Despite the threatening weather, a large number of spectators gathered to witness the interesting sports. The Founders' Day hop in the evening was held in the gymnasium. The prize winners were: C. P. Van Kirk, '87; F. H. Parquhar, '80; R. K. Polk, '87; O. C. Burkhardt, '88; S. D. Langdon, '87; J. W. Ladd, '87; M. L. Byer, '88; R. P. Bernard, '88.

Jack Florence, of Ansonia, and Jack Hamilton, of Bridgeport, fought according to Queensberry rules, at Ansonia, on Oct. 16, for a purse. Six rounds were fought, at the conclusion of which the referee declared Florence the winner. Gas Zilla, of New Haven, was referee. Joe Williams, of Bridgeport, was timekeeper. Mike Burns, of Waterbury, took care of Florence, and Frank Botsworth, of Providence, handled Hamilton. The men will meet again with hard gloves to a finish for \$100 a side.

At Hartford, Conn., on Oct. 16, the Wesleyan football eleven defeated the Amherst team by a score of 47 to nothing. The teams were made up as follows: Wesleyan—Rushers—Hutchinson, Eaton, Brainerd, Johnson, Wells (captain), Norton and Fleg, Quarterback—Steeleman, Halfbacks—Osb and Manchester, Fullback—Bentley, Amherst—Rushers—Houghton, Haskell, Ripley, Rogers, Brough, Harrison and Parker, Quarterback—Phillips, Halfbacks—Storrs and Alvord, Fullbacks—Newell (captain).

Billy Oliver, the popular sporting man and backer of Tommy Danforth, the feather-weight champion, desires, through the POLICE GAZETTE, to return thanks to the following sporting men, etc., of St. Paul: Ex-Aldermen Cummings, Dr. Fuller, Wm. Sherman, Chief Connors, Messrs. Murphy, Salmou and Dempsey, James O'Donnell; to the following of Minneapolis: Mayor Empe, Gus Dwyer, Pete Martin, Hank Seelye, Charles Smith, Brownie Wallace, Gus Newbert, John Murphy; to the following of Duluth: Mayor Stooplin, Chief of Police Doran, Pat Killen, Jim Mirand.

Michael Freimuth, of Wheeling, Va., a pigeon fancier, recently sent homing birds to Wichita, Kan., to test their qualities. They were released on last Saturday morning, and one arrived on Oct. 18, in 58 hours 41 minutes from the time of release. The distance in an air line is estimated to be 1,200 miles. The actual flying time is supposed to be about 14 hours, the bird having done 50 miles an hour while on the wing. This record is one of the best ever made. An offer of \$100 for the bird has been refused. The bird is one and a half years old, half English and half imported Belgium stock.

Mike McCool, the well-known prize fighter, died on Oct. 17, at the Charity Hospital, New Orleans, La. McCool was a steamboat man before he took to the ring and returned to the river after his fight with Tom Allen in 1873. He had followed the business of steamboating ever since. He had been for several years a mate on one of the steamboats plying between New Orleans and St. Louis. His early excesses sapped his former giant strength, and for many months he had been a mere shadow of his former self. On the 20th of September he dragged his debilitated frame to the Charity Hospital, was given a cot there, and steadily wasted away until his death.

An international pigeon shooting match is to be arranged between William Graham, the champion wing shot of England, and Dr. F. W. Carver, the champion of America. Ever since Graham has been in this country he has had a forlorn of \$250 posted with Richard K. Fox to shoot at 100 birds against any man in America. Carver at last has agreed to shoot Graham upon the same conditions and terms the rival champions contended when Carver was in England; and as Graham is in earnest for a match there will be no hitch in arranging the preliminaries. Carver will be in New York in a few weeks, when article will be signed for a match at 100 birds, Harrington rules, for \$2,500 a side.

Benny Jones, the famous light-weight wrestler, who claims to be the champion of light-weights, has posted \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, and issues the following challenge: PATRIMON, N. J., Oct. 16, 1886.

Having been informed that Frank Robinson, of Lawrence, Mass., is anxious to wrestle any light-weight wrestler in America, catch-as-catch-can style, for \$250 or \$500 a side, allow me to state through the POLICE GAZETTE that I will arrange a match to wrestle Robinson, best two in three falls, catch-as-catch-can style, for \$250 or \$500 a side. To prove I mean business my backer has posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder and appoint a referee. If Robinson does not accept, the challenge is open to any 125-pound man in America. BENNY JONES.

The second deposit of \$50 a side in the wrestling match between Thomas Connors, the champion of England, and Edwin Bibby, was posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office Oct. 16. It was agreed that the match take place at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, on Nov. 1. The match would have been decided in this city but none of the large halls could be engaged, they being all open dates. The match is to be best three in five falls catch-as-catch-can for \$250 a side, open to \$500. Connors is training at Oak Point under the mentorship of James Pilkington, his backer. Bibby is training at Jersey City. Connors is said to be the best wrestler that has ever stood in the arena in England since Joe Acton left for this country. He will be backed heavily to defeat Bibby. The latter has held the championship of England and has wrestled the best wrestlers of the day. Bibby is sanguine of defeating Connors. Joe Acton, the champion, will probably referee the match, and on its conclusion arrange a match with the winner.

A large crowd of sporting men assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office Oct. 19, to witness the arrangements for a glove contest between Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, formerly of Boston, and Frank Herald, of Newport, Pa. Among the sporting men present were: Frank Stevenson, Capt. James O. Daly, Frank Evans, the well-known trainer; Alf Powers, who is training James Golden to fight Dominick McCaffrey; Billy Oliver, Sparrow Golden and a host of others. Herald was not present, but E. F. Mallahan, his backer, represented him, while Frank Stevenson represented Kilrain's backer, Charles Carroll of Baltimore. Articles of agreement were signed for the men to box ten scientific rounds, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, with gloves, the winner to take 75 per cent. and the loser 25 per cent. of the gate receipts. It was agreed that the contest should be fought on the race track of the Maryland Jockey Club, at Baltimore, on Monday, November 1, and that Richard K. Fox should appoint the referee. It is understood that the men are to box scientifically, and that the contest will not be what is generally termed a slugging match. Kilrain will commence training at Baltimore Oct. 20, and Herald will go into training next week. Kilrain was eager to meet Sullivan, but when the latter notified Kilrain that his contract with Shedd prevented him from filling the bill as proposed, Kilrain offered to meet Herald, as he considered he was the next best man.

The following are the summaries of the games of the Amateur College Athletic Association at Springfield on Oct. 16:

Standing high jump—Holton, '88, 59 1/2 inches. Putting the shot—Jewett, '88, 4 feet 4 1/2 inches. Running the bases—Storrs, '88, 16 1/2 seconds. Running long jump—Brooks, '88, 18 feet 10 1/2 inches. Kicking the football—Winslow, '88, 134 feet. Mile run—Holton, '87, 5 minutes 14 seconds. Throwing baseball—Holton, '87, 230 feet 7 inches. Standing broad jump—Davidson, '88, 9 feet 3 1/2 inches. Running high jump—Warriner, '88, 4 feet 11 1/2 inches. Half-mile run—Holton, '87, 2 minutes 5 1/2 seconds. Three-legged race—Gilbert and Eastman, 17 1/2 seconds. Hurdle race—Jacobs, 20 1/2 seconds, breaking the Amherst record of 28 1/2 seconds.

Hop, step and jump—Brooks, '88, 39 feet 3 inches. Hundred yards dash—Jacobs, '88, 10 1/2 seconds. Backward crawl—Cornwell, '88, 3 1/2 seconds, breaking Amherst's record of 10 1/2 seconds.

Barrel roll—Dale, '88, 20 1/2 seconds. Quarter-mile run—Dickerman, '88, 1 minute. Pole vault—Sherman, '88, 7 feet.

Backward dash—E. Q. Smith, '88, 10 1/2 seconds. Two hundred and twenty yards dash—Jacobs, '88, 28 1/2 seconds. Two-mile bicycle race—Dale, '88, 8 minutes 4 1/2 seconds. Consolation race—Gard, '88.

The following letter from Wm. Graham, the champion wing shot of England, who is eager to meet any man in America in a match, explains:

CLUB HOUSE, PINE BROOK, N. J., Oct. 16, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:

Sir—Will you allow me once again, through the medium of the POLICE GAZETTE, to reply to Mr. C. M. Budd, of Chicago. In the first place I want to explain, in answer to Mr. Budd's remark about a forfeit, that ever and over again in your columns you have stated you held \$100 forfeit from me. They meet this by saying, "Oh, we don't consider the POLICE GAZETTE as a sporting paper," and want me to send money to perfect strangers, to Chicago, &c. Now, when American sportsmen visit England, they shoot their matches on metropolitan grounds, and are not asked to travel anywhere else. Why, then, should they not meet me in New York? Again, when I came to this country I sought the editors of our three London sporting papers for the purpose of obtaining from them letters of introduction to the leading American sporting people, the result of which was that they gave me letters, as they selected the POLICE GAZETTE as that paper, and they were here to say how much I feel indebted to you and the many gentlemen in your office who have at all times shown me the greatest kindness.

As to the POLICE GAZETTE not being a sporting paper, that is all nonsense; it is, of course, an all-round sporting paper, and certainly a most reliable stakeholder. I have no objection to being more to state that I have posted \$100 forfeit to Richard K. Fox to shoot at 100 pigeons, with Harrington rules, for from \$250 to \$1,000 a side, to shoot in the month of November, within fifty miles of New York.

Yours faithfully, W. GRAHAM.

Graham posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox to shoot at 100 pigeons, Harrington rules, for from \$250 to \$1,000 a side, to shoot in the month of November, within fifty miles of New York. Graham states that any pigeon shooter can make a big match for as much money as they desire to post. Graham's \$250 forfeit posted with the POLICE GAZETTE shows he means business.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I think the followers and thousands who patronize the prize ring must feel in high tide over the fresh boom in pugilism.

Sullivan and Ryan are matched to again meet in the battle arena on the Pacific Slope or probably in Chicago.

Jack Dempsey, the holder of the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt, which represents the middle-weight championship of the world, and Jack Burke, are to battle for the supremacy in the orthodox twenty-four foot ring on the Pacific coast in November.

Tommy Warren, of Louisville, and Tommy Danforth, a native born of New York, and probably judging by his record, the genuine feather-weight champion of America, are matched to meet in battle array for a large purse in New York before the snow flies.

Sparrow Golden and Dominick McCaffrey have also contracted to engage in a genuine prize ring encounter for a purse of \$1,500, and an outside bet it is said of \$2,500.

While matches between Frank Herlihy and Joe Lannon, and Joe Ellingsworth and Jack Fogarty, are still on the tapis, besides, other side show glove contests that are on the prize ring calendar, promise to make lively times among the boxers and their many patrons in the near future.

While the fistie heroes are fighting for fame, glory, duce and championship honors on this side of the Atlantic, the proposed great mill between Jim Smith, the English champion, and John Knifton, the 81-tonner, who are to fight for \$400, and the championship of England in December.

The Smith and Knifton encounter will be watched with eager interest in this country, for the reason that it is the intention of Smith's backers to bring him to this country and match him against John L. Sullivan for the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt and the boxer's championship.

Judging by the battles Smith has won, and the prize ring encounters Knifton has engaged in, it looks on paper, a moral for Smith, who outclasses Knifton, but Jim Maco is behind Knifton, as far as the engineering part of the contract is concerned, and with a vision of the Smith and Greenfield fight at Laite, France, Smith's chances are not so rosy if the backers of Knifton, like those who backed Greenfield, intend to either win, tie or wrangle.

Smith's backers stood to win a small fortune when he was matched to meet Greenfield, and there is not the least doubt they would, to use a turf phrase, have landed their wagers. Had the battle been decided on its merits and the rules of the London prize ring, which governed the affair, have been strictly adhered to.

Smith and his backers were taught a lesson at Laite, and there is not the least doubt that they will make extensive arrangements at the coming mill to see that if their champion can win, he will be allowed to do so.

It now appears there is a mania among the wheelmen to accomplish wonderful feats and beat bicycle records.

On Oct. 8, 1886, William A. Rhodes startled the world by driving a bicycle twenty miles in one hour, and placing bicycle time on par with the records of the trotters, Capt. McGowan and Controller, who have trotted twenty miles within sixty minutes.

The sensation of Rhodes' great feat had hardly died out than it was eclipsed by William A. Rowe driving a bicycle half a mile further than Rhodes in sixty minutes.

The latter feat was accomplished at Springfield, Mass., on Oct. 12. Rhodes covered 21 miles 1.149 yards, or within 611 yards of 22 miles within one hour. Rhodes' feat eclipses all trotting records for the distance and places American bicycle riders to the foremost ranks.

Twenty years ago, thirteen miles in one hour on a bicycle was considered wonderful, and a man who could drive the iron horse a mile in four minutes was looked upon as a wonder. Now, a man who cannot drive a bicycle 1,760 yards in 2:40 is not considered to be a second class man.

At last Dominick McCaffrey has been matched to contend in a bona fide fistie encounter, and for a large stake, and although his opponent is not, in my opinion, anything more than a third class boxer, judging by the conditions of the match and from the fact that Arthur Chambers is backing McCaffrey's opponent, I shall expect him to conquer McCaffrey.

After Hanlan had beaten Trickett in England for the championship of the world he was challenged by Laycock.

Hanlan had stated prior to rowing Trickett that he would row no more races that season in England. Laycock hounded him to row. The English press said he was afraid, and that as Laycock had journeyed all the way from Australia that Hanlan should either forfeit the championship of the world or row Laycock.

Hanlan finally decided to remain in England and row Laycock, although he had made arrangements to sail for New York, and he met Laycock and defeated him.

Beach should have acted in the same way and agreed to row Hanlan, but he did not do so, and judging from the facts of the case, he was afraid to row a man who had never been beaten on the Thames or Tyne, although he had rowed in six contests, five of which were for the championship.

In a speech recently in London Hanlan said: "Some men would get into a boat and row whether they were fit or not, but he did not think it would have been fair to his friends here to have done so and started in the International sweepstakes."

"But now he thought he was 'Hanlan,' and he challenged Beach a month ago to row at any time in October. He wants to row Beach on either the Thames or Tyne, for £500 or £1,000 in six weeks time, for, as Beach had cabled a refusal to entertain his proposition, he must, of course, have more time now for preparation."

"He had not come here to row his American friends, and he wished they had been in better condition when they rowed Beach. He had told them that they could not beat Beach."

"Although he was not able to arrange a match with Beach, he was glad to be here and meet his American friends. It was pleasant to know he had friends in America, and to meet them in foreign countries—but he did not think he could call England a foreign country—and to know that men could be athletes and gentlemen. He would have been called a 'fool' to come here and row when he was not in condition."

"He considered Beach as good a sculler as ever dipped an oar. He was an honest man, and he supposed he must say that Beach was the best sculler he had seen in Australia, but he should like to try what he could do with him. He wished to say

nothing against Beach, but he thought that he himself was not in his true form in Australia."

It appears that accidents to trotting-buggy drivers are numerous of late. Fred Wright made a narrow escape from death at Attleboro, Mass. During the meeting at Erie, Pa., Frank Rice was thrown out and dragged by the feet a considerable distance. One leg was broken and he was generally bruised. Al Cummings is the latest victim. He was driving in a race at Newport, Pa. A rein broke and his horse ran away. Cummings pulled the horse to one side and he struck a post, pitching Cummings upon his head. He was knocked insensible and was laterally injured. The horse broke three ribs and was badly shaken up.

John Murphy had a very narrow escape in this city recently. He was driving the bay mare Western Belle, and had just given her a mile in 2:37. As he was about to step out of the sulky the axle broke off short at the wheel.

At North Manchester, Ind., Oct. 7, in the free-for-all pace, Sandy Poe, driven by Thomas Farner, collided with Hoosier Sam, owned and driven by Jerome Wilcox, of Peru, and Sam was instantly killed. Both sulkeys were wrecked, and the drivers thrown some distance, and severely injured.

The opinions of expert horsemen have experienced a great change during the past fifteen years concerning the value of certain crosses in a trotting pedigree. Not long ago those the date mentioned, many of the best breeders could not be induced to patronize a stallion which was known to have Clay blood in his veins.

To-day, Electioneer, by Ryedek's Hambletonian, dam, Green Mountain Maid, by Sayer's Harry Clay, enjoys the proud distinction of having produced the fastest yearling trotter, Hinda Rose, 2:36½, the fastest two-year-old trotter, Wild Flower, 2:31, the fastest trotting three-year-old, Hinda Rose, 2:19½, and the fastest four-year-old trotter Manzanilla, 2:16½, that the world has yet seen. Thirteen of Electioneer's get have already reached the magic circle, six of which have beaten 2:20.

The average record of his turf performers is about 2:24-5. But one other stallion has yet produced so great a number of turf performers with records of 2:20 or better, and that is George Wilkes, whose dam, Dolly Spanker, was a daughter of Old Henry Clay.

The number of 2:20 performers got by George Wilkes is 50 per cent. greater than that of any other stallion that has yet been brought to light, their names and records being: Harry Wilkes, 2:14½; Wilson, 2:16½; Mike Wilkes, pacer, 2:16½; So So, 2:17½; Rosa Wilkes, 2:18½; Guy Wilkes, 2:18½; Joe Bunker, 2:19½; Wilton, 2:19½, and Tom Rogers, 2:20. The fastest wagon record, 2:16½, has stood to the credit of Hopeful, a member of the Clay family, for eight years.

I find that it is the custom to make light of the pretensions of a horse after his fifth year, but the case of Bendigo is a peculiar one. Old horses have ceased to bear the palm with three-year-olds because they are usually hammered to death at two and three years old.

Bendigo is the most notable exception in the annals of modern British racing. He is "Irish born," and did not start at two years old. Then he fell into the hands of a very conservative owner in Mr. Barclay.

He is one of the few who appreciate a great race horse. He never runs the horse above two or three races during the season. Although a six-year-old, Bendigo is as fresh in speed and stamina as a three-year-old; more so than most three-year-olds, at this season.

The ease with which he played with his field in the Eclipse stakes at Sandown, in July—a field composed of such good ones as St. Gatien, Miss Jummy, etc., beating them to a standstill, demonstrated this.

Ormonde may be a great colt, as is claimed, but he will need to be "the horse of the century," as his admirers claim, to defeat Bendigo at the weights. Should he succeed in doing so, the Duke of Westminster can retire him to the stud, where Touchstone, Doncaster and Bend Or have all reigned in their day, with the satisfaction of having the most highly tried horse in the world.

I was not surprised to learn that Ford, the champion all round amateur athlete, had been charged with professionalism. I trust that Ford will take steps to clear himself of the charges, for the amateur world can ill afford to lose so brilliant a performer.

It is astonishing with what rapidity the descendants of George Wilkes are dropping into the charmed circle. At Lexington the first week of last month, Favorite Wilkes, by George Wilkes, won the 3-minute race, trotting in 2:26, 2:28, 2:25½. J. R. Shedd, by Red Wilkes, won the first heat in 2:28½.

At the same meeting Oriana, by Red Wilkes, got a record of 2:29, and Castalia, a three-year-old filly, by Jay Bird, son of old Wilkes, one of 2:30½, while she forced Sphinx, by Electioneer, the winner of the race, to trot three heats in 2:25½, 2:24½, 2:24½.

The welkin of the sporting press on both sides of the Atlantic still rings with the praises of the invincible Ormonde, the greatest race horse of modern times, and many have been and will be the references to the bearer of "the triple crown," who must now, of course, be ranked with West Australian, Gladiator and Lord Lyon.

I understand that Maurice Vigneaux has decided to visit this country and meet Jacob Schaefer, the billiard wizard, in a match for the championship of the world.

Schaefer has already informed Vigneaux's representative that he is willing to meet him (Vigneaux) and play 3,000 points for \$5,000, 600 points to be played each night for a series of five nights—the game to be the 14-ball balk-line. Such an encounter at this time, when the professional billiard world is in a sort of sack cloth and ashes, would be little less than providential.

It must also be remembered that Vigneaux could by no possible means visit this country now without engaging in a contest, or a series of contests, with Slosson, which, together with the battles which are so sure to take place between the lesser lights of the business between now and the first of May next, would create much interest and excitement in the business, without which the calling must be stale, flat and unprofitable. Let Vigneaux come by all means, even if the rook-brokers of the country have to pay his expenses.

It is now stated that H. Hutchens and Malone, the ex-amateur sprinter, now in Australia, will run a series of matches in Australia before the end of the year.

At the best form of the two men in public, Hutchens may be trusted to give Malone something like five yards in six score, but Hutchens has certainly gone off during the last two years.

Nathan Strauss has issued from Chicago the following challenge: "I will match my horse Majolica against any trotting horse in the United States, Harry Wilkes excepted, for the sum of \$1,500 forfeit; said match to be trotted at the Gentlemen's Driving Park, Morrisania, N. Y., between October 25 and 30. Oliver K. preferred."

The race for the Middle Park Plate of 500 sovereigns for two-year-olds was run at Newmarket, Eng., on Oct. 13. The distance was 6 furlongs. Eight horses started. The race was won by two lengths by Lord Calthorpe's chestnut colt Florentine. Douglas Baird's chestnut colt Enterprise second, and R. H. Combe's black colt Maxim third.

Arrangements were made for an inter-State cocking-main between New York and Albany. Articles were signed to show 21 weights ranging from 4 pounds 4 ounces to 5 pounds 12 ounces and fight all that fall in according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$50 each battle and \$250 a side the odd fight. The male is to be fought in this city on Nov. 28.

LATEST SPORTING.

Paddy Ryan has opened a sporting house at Halstead street, Chicago.

Harefoot, the well-known race horse, broke his leg at the Brooklyn Jockey Club races on Oct. 12.

W. F. Conley, the successful young carman, was tendered a reception by the Shawmut Rowing Club, at Boston.

George Godfrey, the colored champion pugilist of America, has opened a sparring school at 65 Hanover street, Boston, Mass.

The Montreal lead in the Canadian lacrosse championship, 10 won, 2 lost. Toronto, 9-3; Cornwallis, 5-6; Shamrock, 4-3; Ontario, 1-3.

Bittle and Gilmore are still fighting through the Canadian papers. Bittle has promised to talk business after his match with Gallagher of Cleveland.

Wm. Beach sailed from London for Australia on Oct. 14. He ran away like a frightened deer in the face of a challenge from Edward Hanlan, backed up by money.

Louis Jester of Cleveland, who recently fought Dan Custy at Rockaway, offers to again meet Custy, and is also open to make a match with Johnny Reagan, Brooklyn's pet light weight.

Tom Early, the well-known Boston sporting man, has returned from England, and James Keenan, the king of the New England sporting men, has also returned from across the fish pond. He is looking as hale and hearty as ever.

At Boston, on Oct. 13, W. H. Huntley, of the Nonantum Cycle Club, attempted to beat the 24-hour bicycle record, but failed to do so. He made only 265 miles against the record of 281 6-10 miles, made by Hollingsworth, of Indiana.

Rosner and McKay are doing good work at Worcester. Their new Davis shell is a marvel of speed and lightness. They will row very fast. O'Connor and Enright, of Toronto, who are to row against them, have arrived at Worcester.

The well-known Orib Club of Boston, has entirely gone out of existence, the Le Blanc-Burgess mill giving it its death blow, and the members, who refused to furnish any further financial aid, went over to the Athenian club, which is today the strongest of its kind in the United States.

After considerable time spent in negotiations, Tommy Warren and Pat O'Leary of Cincinnati have signed an article to fight to a finish for \$1,000 a side with skin gloves. The fight is to take place on Nov. 6, within six miles of Louisville. O'Leary has proven himself a prominent boxer, and his backers are confident he will win.

Frank Glover and Paddy Ryan will meet and fight their battle over again at Battery D Armory, Chicago, on the 27th of October. It is not likely that the match will resemble in any way that which recently occurred at Cheltenham Beach, for an agreement will be made that the verdict will be given against the man who indulges in any unnecessary hugging.

Harry Umlah, the boxer, writes in behalf of Jim Donnelly's failure to meet William Gabig, the Pittsburg boxer, that the reason Donnelly did not fight Denny Butler was not lack of courage, but a severe sprain contracted while training. He will be ready in two weeks, when he will demonstrate to his friends and the public that he is, as he has always proved in the past, ready and willing to do his best.

Bicycle records beaten again. At Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., on Oct. 13, William A. Rowe attempted to beat the 5-mile bicycle record, and was successful. Following is the time:

	M.	S.
First mile.....	2	37 1-5
Second mile.....	5	14
Third mile.....	8	13 1-5
Fourth mile.....	10	45
Fifth mile.....	13	27 2-5

Rowe's time for two, four and five miles are the best ever made.

At St. Louis, on Oct. 13, about 4,000 persons witnessed the mounted sword contest between Duncan Ross and August Schmitt, late of the German army. Sergeant Walsh has been fighting with Ross through the country, but when the pair reached St. Louis and issued a challenge to all comers, Schmitt, who is an adept swordsman, accepted it, and a genuine fight was the result. There were nine attacks, and all were vicious. Blows on the armoured count, but head blows were allowed. Ross, who is extremely powerful, cut through Schmitt's armour to the third attack, and drew blood in a stream. Ross was the first four attacks, and Schmitt then won three, almost knocking Ross from his horse in the seventh. Ross won the eighth, and in the ninth Schmitt struck Ross on the head, cutting the mask and almost splitting his skull. The fight was awarded Ross by five points to four.

There was some capital horse racing at Lawrence, Mass., on Oct. 13, at the Freeman's tournament, seventeen companies participated. Essex Engine Company, No. 4, of Lawrence, made the best record; time, 48 seconds. Essex Steam engine company of North Andover, second; time, 50 seconds. Playing steamers—First class, Tiger, No. 3, of Lawrence, 244 feet 8½ inches; Washington No. 5, of Lawrence, 218 feet 9 inches. Second class, steamers Fire King, of Manchester, N. H., 218 feet 2½ inches; Morriss, of Bradford, 218 feet 7½ inches; William Chase, of Salem, 216 feet 1½ inches; H. P. McIntosh, of Newburyport, 191 feet; Atlantic, No. 2, of Lawrence, 189 feet 3 inches; Beverly, No. 1, of Beverly, 176 feet ¾ inch. Third class—Morriss, No. 1, of Merrimack, 208 feet ¾ inch; J. P. Bradley, of Ballardvale, 200 feet 10 inches; Andover, No. 1, 202 feet 5 inches; Essex, No. 3, of Haverhill, 190 feet 2 inches; Tiger, No. 3, of Lawrence, 192 feet 6 inches; K. A. Straw, of Methuen, 188 feet 11 inches.

The following speaks for itself:

DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 16, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:

Sir—I have read in a recent issue of your paper Hanlan's challenge to Beach. It is truly a most spirited and manly challenge, and I feel somewhat confident that all lovers of fair play and straightforwardness agree with me on this point. That Beach should decline to row Hanlan in no other water but that of the Paramatta leaves a doubt in the minds of many as to the genuineness of his (Beach's) pluck, which everybody so much admired previous to his meeting the other day with Hanlan. It is now, sir, quite common to hear lovers of aquatic sports that Beach is somewhat afraid to measure blades with his world-famed antagonists, hence his excuse in wanting Hanlan to follow him to Australia. But Hanlan, as I am sure you are not the least frightened to go to Australia should the Australian consent to row him on the Nepean river instead of the Paramatta. I trust he will, as an Englishman, uphold the characteristic honor and dignity of his race by meeting Hanlan like a man; more especially since it is the wish of all true Englishmen that he should do so. In common with most others, I think Hanlan has given very satisfactory reasons for his not coming before now. Beach, on the other hand, gives but a very poor excuse for not rowing Hanlan in England. Beach should row so that all may then be convinced who is the best of the two—Beach or Hanlan.

FAIR PLAY.

Wonderful bicycle riding. William A. Rowe, of Lynn, Mass., made a magnificent bicycle ride against time on the Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., on Oct. 12, and beat all previous records from six to twenty-one miles, including those made by William A. Rhodes, of Dorchester, on Oct. 8. Rowe was in fine condition and began his ride soon after 3 o'clock. He was paced by Hendee, Haradon and Adams. Arthur L. Atkins, manager of the Columbia team, of which Rowe is a member, had made very satisfactory arrangements. The timers were Charles E. Whipple, H. C. Robinson and Charles H. Parsons. Rowe throughout rode in good form and there was much enthusiasm when he began to break the records. He made new world's records from six to twenty-one miles, which replace his own from six to ten miles made by him at Lynn on July 8, and those from eleven to twenty-one miles made by Rhodes on Oct. 8 in the hour/Rowe made 21 miles and 1,149 yards—a half mile better than Rhodes' record. Rowe's times were as follows: 1 mile, 2 minutes 40 2-5 seconds; 2 miles, 5 minutes 20 4-5 seconds; 3 miles, 8 minutes 11 seconds; 4 miles, 10 minutes 21 1-5 seconds; 5 miles, 12 minutes 42 1-5 seconds; 6 miles, 15 minutes 21 1-5 seconds; 7 miles, 19 minutes 16 seconds; 8 miles, 22 minutes 4 1-5 seconds; 9 miles, 24 minutes 45 seconds; 10 miles, 27 minutes 17 1-5 seconds; 11 miles, 29 minutes 23 4-5 seconds; 12 miles, 30 minutes 9 seconds; 13 miles, 33 minutes 54 2-5 seconds; 14 miles, 36 minutes 48 4-5 seconds; 15 miles, 41 minutes 22 1-5 seconds; 16 miles, 44 minutes 25 seconds; 17 miles, 47 minutes 13 1-5 seconds; 18 miles, 50 minutes 19 seconds; 19 miles, 52 minutes 47 2-5 seconds; 20 miles, 55 minutes 36 seconds; 21 miles, 58 minutes 19 2-5 seconds, and within the hour, 21½ miles and 200 yards.

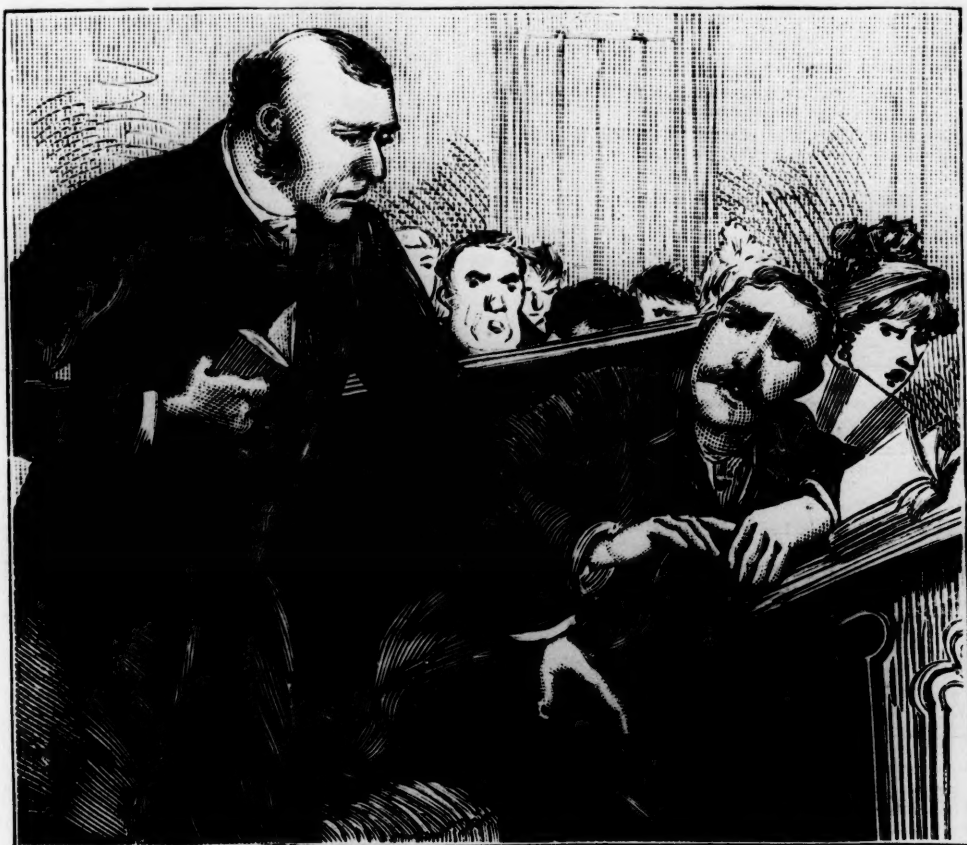
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AGENTS WANTED.

A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the "Police Gazette" where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application.

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Editor and Proprietor,
Franklin Square, New York.

W. M., Boston.—No.
S. G., Winnipeg.—No.
S. G., Altoona, Pa.—No.
H. S., Kansas City.—No.
M. H., Albany, N. Y.—Yes.
W. H. Haas, Michigan City.—Yes.
W. W. J., Cleveland, Ohio.—B losses.
M. H. W., San Jose.—Sixes best axes.
W. H., New York.—Yarmouth herrings.
B. S., Algona, Mich.—Lang & Richards, 4:17½.
In Emswiler, Cleveland, Ohio.—Procure a book on boxing.
D. J., Columbus.—John C. Heenan never fought Joe Coburn.
Tnx, Johnston, Pa.—There are no such rebels as you refer to.
W. G. B., Rochester, N. Y.—I. Duncan C. Ross held that title.
1. No.
D. S., Rochester, N. Y.—Four minutes, twelve and three-quarter seconds.
D. C., Boston.—The two parties who threw 44 win first and second prize.
D. W., Boston.—Owney Geoghegan died Jan. 20, 1883, at 1107 Springs, Ark.
Tnx, Johnson, Pa.—Address J. Alexander Brown, 64 E. Fourteenth street, New York.
O. C. W., Sarnia, Canada.—Jim Maco is filling engagements with circuses in England.
T. S. Foxen, Norwalk, Florida.—The winner would hold the title having defeated the champion.
A. L., Youngstown, Ohio.—Greenfield were an overcoat, sack style; Sullivan, a short pea jacket.
J. A. G., N. Y.—Procure a copy of "The Champions of the English and American Prize Ring."
J. E. G., South Bethlehem, Pa.—Write to Superintendent Murray, Police Headquarters, New York.
L. W. S., Bangor, Me.—Write to each of the firms. We have no means of ascertaining the information.
J. T., Brooklyn, E. D.—Send for a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE containing John L. Sullivan's record.
E. D. L., Baldwinville, N. Y.—If you desire your challenge published, send it to the advertising department.
R. W., Hartford, Conn.—I. W. G. George. 2. Edward Hanlan. 3. Naud S is owned by Robert Bonner. 4. Dexter.
J. B. S., Detroit.—Herald stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height, weighs 190 pounds, and is twenty-three years of age.
Miles Mayall, Calgary, Alberta, N. W. T.—Alntree race course, six miles from Liverpool, England, on the Earl Sefton's estate.
W. S., Harrisburg, Pa.—A. E. Hoken, who fought Pete Maguire, and Harry Hicken, of Philadelphia, are brothers. 2. No.
Lionel Wmout, Metuchen, N. J.—Write to Prof. Mike Donovan, care of N. Y. Athletic Club, or to Billy Edwards, in care of this office.
J. F. Shellsburg, Wis.—Tom Sayers and Jim Maco never fought as opponents in the ring. 2. No. 3. Heenan and King fought a draw.
H. M., Boston.—Edward Hanlan is thirty-one years of age, Jacob Gaudaur is twenty-nine years of age and William Beach thirty-six.
T. B., Harrisburg, Pa.—The greatest distance a cricket ball has been thrown is 132 yards, by Wm. F. Forbes, at Eaton, Eng., March, 1876.
S. W., Chicago.—Wm. Graham's, the champion pigeon shooter's address, is in care of Frank Class, Pine Brook, Essex County, New Jersey.
T. B. L., Alnsworth, Neb.—Send 25 cents for "The Sporting Man's Companion." It contains the best records of running, walking, weight lifting, etc.
J. B., Russell, N. Y.—The correspondent who furnished the report is a little too previous. Smith is still in England, and champion John L. Sullivan in business in New York.
W. M. R., Dunmore, W. Va.—Richard K. Fox's middle name is Kyle. 2. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1846 and came to New York direct from Ireland in the fall of 1874.
L. W. J., Unity, N. H.—1. There are books published on the subject. 2. No; it needs practice and a competent instructor. 3. Yes; we can furnish you with a striking machine.
A. Nelson, Ft. Avermore.—Our rule is to allow no advertiser to continue to use these columns if he fails to fill an order, and the continuation of advertisements is good evidence that goods are promptly sent.
D. S., Boston.—The fastest trip on record from Sydney, Australia, to San Francisco, is 23 days, 6 hours 30 minutes, made by the steamer Alameda, on Oct. 2, 1886. The Marco made the passage in 23 days 12 hours 30 minutes, which was the best previous record.
D. G., Altoona, Pa.—Joe Coburn and Ed. Price fought at Sixty Pond, Boston, for \$300, on May 1, 1886. 2. One hundred and sixty rounds were fought in 202 minutes, when darkness came on, and the referee declared the battle a draw. Ed. Price is fifty-five years of age.
H. C.—You are to blame. To send an order in a fictitious name and its non-receipt is not the fault of an advertiser. To make the class of goods sent for an excuse is absurd, as no goods of an illegal character would be admitted to our columns at any price, and the POLICE GAZETTE is the last place in the world to find illegitimate merchandise.
M. J. H., Kansas City.—After Jim Maco and Joe Coburn stood in the ring at Port Dover, Canada, without striking a blow, Dick Holwood ordered the men to meet near Kansas City. Maco went to the place selected for the battle, but Coburn refused to go, claiming the referee had no power to order them to fight in that vicinity. Harry Hill, the stakeholder, returned both men their stakes.
J. C., Boston.—Wanda was foaled in 1882. Wanda won the Surf, Tyro, Seabright, Home Bed Produce, Champion Stallion, Flatbush, Central and Electric Stakes, all at two years old; Mornald, Lord, Monmouth Oaks and West End Hotel Stakes at three years old, and was the peer of any filly or colt when in condition. Minnie Minor is the dam of Wanda, Warwick, Wyanoke, John Ledford, etc. Julia was the dam of Julius, Julietta, etc. Julietta is the dam of Meco, Furry Marsh, Redon and Geo. Singery. Sally Ward was the dam of Fidelity, Mary Evelyn and Throgs Neck, and Fidelity of Felicity, Throgs Neck, Jr., etc.
J. D., Allentown, Pa.—1. Yes. 2. On Aug. 13, 14 and 15, 1886, at Buffalo, the 2:17 class was won at five heats by Oliver K. by King Wilkes, he winning the first, fourth and fifth heats, Arab by Arthurton winning the third, Arab and Belle Hamlin, by Hamlin's Almont, Jr., making a dead heat for the second. Time, 2:16½, 2:19½, 2:19½, 2:18 and 2:16½. 3. Harry Wilkes by George Wilkes, beat Majolica in a match, in 2:17½, 2:17, 2:18, 2:16. Majolica winning the first heat. Goslip, Jr., by Goslip, won the free-for-all pacing race at five heats, Geo. Braden by Bull Gopher winning the second and third heats. Time, 2:16, 2:18, 2:15½, 2:20, 2:19.
W. G., Omaha, Neb.—1. No. 2. Dynamite is a giant gunpowder, that is, an explosive material, varying in strength and safety of handling, according to the percentage of nitro-glycerine it contains. Nitro-glycerine, whence it derives its strength, is composed of ordinary glycerine and nitric acid, compounded together in certain proportions and at a certain temperature. Nitro-glycerine, though not the strongest explosive known, being exceeded in power by nitrogen and other products of chemistry, is thus far the most terrible explosive manufactured to any extent. Nitro-glycerine by itself is not safe to handle, hence, dynamite is preferred. It is extensively made and consumed in the United States under the various names of Giant, Hercules, Jupiter and Atlas powders, all of which contain anywhere from thirty to eighty per cent. of nitro-glycerine, the residue of the compound being made up of rotten stone, non-explosive earth, sawdust, charcoal, plaster of Paris, black powder, or some other substance that takes up the glycerine and makes a porous spongy mass.



HE WOULDN'T KNEEL.

A MONTREALER MAKES A FUSS DURING CHURCH SERVICE AT ST. ANNE DE BELLEVUE AND IS ARRESTED BY A CONSTABLE.



A HALTERED HANDKERCHIF.

MICHAEL BURKE OF NEW HAVEN, CT., TRIES TO HANG HIMSELF WHILE IN THE THROES OF THE JIM JAMS.



HE SURPRISED THEM.

FOUR SAN FRANCISCO DUDES SET OUT TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN WITH JACK DEMPSEY AND HAVE MORE MIRTH THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR.



THIS WAS A GENUINE SNAKE.

THE UNWELCOME GUEST WHO PAID A VISIT TO MRS. JEREMIAH MANUEL OF POINT PLEASANT, W. VA.



SHOT DEAD IN BED.

THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF PRETTY MRS. ELLA WILLIAMS WHILE SLEEPING BESIDE HER HUSBAND AT HOUSTON, MISSOURI.



MIKE McCOOLE,

THE PUGILISTIC GIANT OF THE WEST RECENTLY DECEASED IN NEW ORLEANS, LA.



ERNIE POWERS,

THE CHAMPION INFANT TUMBLER OF THE UNITED STATES.



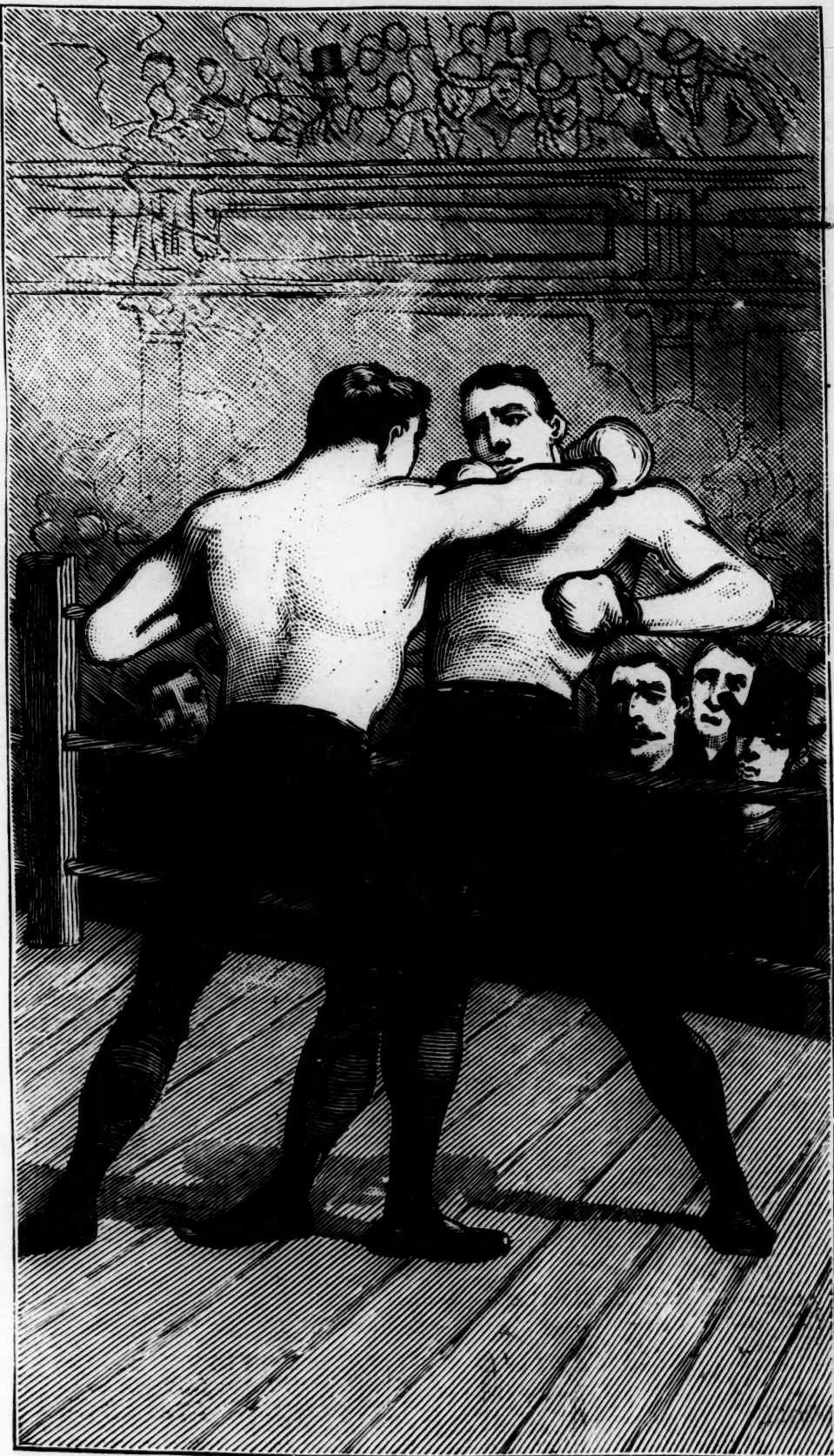
BOB WINSTON,

THE CELEBRATED ENGLISH ATHLETE NOW RESIDING IN BOSTON.



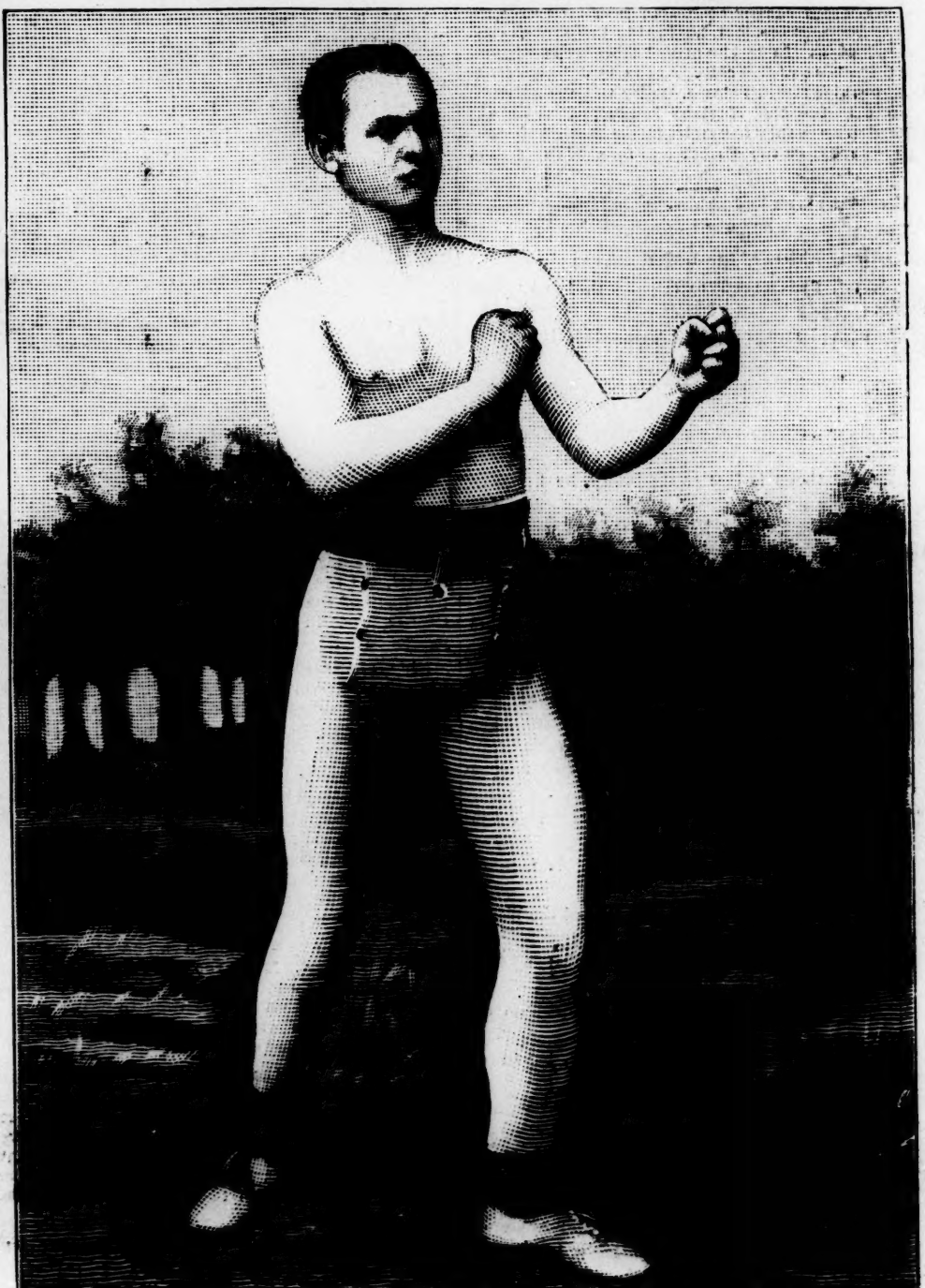
H. M. JOHNSON,

THE FASTEST SPRINTER OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



A CLEAN KNOCK-OUT.

TOM REILLY IS MADE TO BITE THE DUST AT THE OPERA HOUSE, HAMILTON, OHIO, BY LEMUEL M'GREGOR.

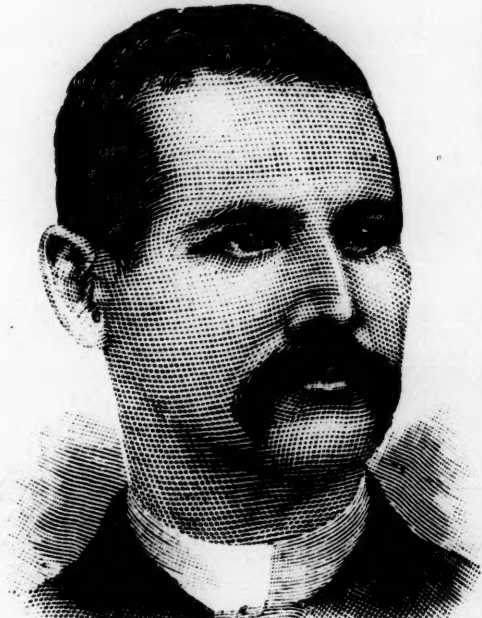


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THE CLEVER AND SCIENTIFIC CHAMPION LIGHT-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF OHIO, WHO IS WILLING TO MEET ANY LIGHT-WEIGHT.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts
of the Country.



John J. Dailey.

The portrait which heads our baseball column this week, is that of the well-known umpire John J. Dailey, who was born in this city Oct. 26, 1855, and whose career as a ball player dates back to 1873, when he made his debut with the Nassau Club, of Brooklyn, with whom he remained two seasons. His first professional engagement was with the Washington D. C. club in 1875. He played short stop for them that year until June 20, when they disbanded in St. Louis, and then he finished the season with the Louisville. Dailey started in upon the season of 1876 with the Crickets of Binghamton, but finished the season with the Rhode Island club, of Providence. In 1877 and 1878 he played with the Manchesters, of New Hampshire, and led the short stops of the International Association. He played in the famous twenty-four inning game, in Boston, May 11, 1877, between the Manchesters and Harvard college boys. His last professional engagement was in 1879, when he played with the Utica club until they disbanded, then he retired from the arena until 1882, when he was appointed an umpire by the National League, and filled that important position with credit, giving satisfaction to all. In 1883 and 1884 he was one of the staff of American Association umpires. While umpiring a game in Brooklyn during the season of 1883, he met with rather a serious accident, having his jaw broken by a sharp foul tip. In 1875 he played short stop and managed the Wilkesbarre club. At the beginning of the season which has just closed, Dailey was appointed an umpire in the New England League, but as he was offered more money to umpire in the Eastern League he resigned from the former and finished the season with the latter.

The season is on its last legs.

The clubs are rapidly disbanding.

The pony hitters of the League are the pitchers.

This fall finds no end to cripples in the baseball arena.

Northern players are pretty well satisfied with the South.

Harry Wright does not want Esterbrook. Sour grapes.

The sheenys have not panned out very well as ball tossers.

Bobby Mathews is like good whiskey, he improves with age.

This retiring business has been worked until it is threadbare.

The New Yorks have had hard luck with their young blood.

The Newarks got the pennant, but were badly left on the boodle.

There will be a lively hustling for players during the next few weeks.

The Pittsburgs would like to have Esterbrook, but the Mets have the call.

How the mighty have fallen. This has no reference to the New York Club.

It must be perfect bliss to play ball under the management of Caylor.

Barnie has turned over a new leaf, and is nothing like the crank he used to be.

The Chicagos played in pot luck against the Washington and Kansas City clubs.

Phenomenal Smith is nothing more than a soap bubble, and a very big one at that.

Probably little "Pete" did not have a large time on Sunday night. Nothing was too good.

Bastian did not speak. He only looked, but Grace Pearce fined him ten dollars all the same.

The Athletics want to get there next season, and they will spare no expense in getting players.

If the old man had the blood of a lion he would return that one hundred and thirty-six dollars in silver.

The man who cries stop thief, and at the same time swipes the boodle is really worse than a highwayman.

McGone has the reputation of being a dandy, but he will play ball in New York next season or not at all.

The personal contract scheme was a bad piece of business, and it may yet prove the death blow to baseball.

The time is waxing nigh for the scribes to start in

upon their regular winter championship season on paper.

Manager Bancroft is willing to take the Boston contemplated cast offs. They will be good enough for Rochester.

When the fence peepers sour on the home team it is safe to say they are pretty rank, but this is the case in Louisville.

Blondie Purcell is still keeping up a great gait. He is not one of the kind that spoils if he is left off of the ice over night.

If it is anything that a high salaried ball player hates to hear it is a reference to his occupation before he got up in the world.

If big Kelly makes anything like as good a manager as he did an umpire, he will prove a valuable man to the Louisville people.

Buck Ewing is a mighty nice fellow personally, but that is a pretty hard thing to make a public believe that has soured on him.

It would be something of a disappointment if Barnie were to make a slip in his calculations and get left on both Smith and Tierman.

It was a dirty piece of work, but what of that. It was simply a game of grab, and Director Maloney got frozen clean out of the Detroit Club.

The gang caught on in great shape last Sunday at Ridgewood. There was something of a kick about the extra quarter, but it went all the same.

The New Yorks held the Coon Storey too light Oct. 11, when they struck Jersey City, and they sneaked out of the town, sorrowful but wiser men.

Fortunately Joe Quest has given good satisfaction this season, and being popular among the players, the chances are that he will get there again next season.

Talk about your old war-horses, there can't any of them keep pace with Sutton. The old man has pounded out twenty-three base hits in the last twelve games.

How that gentleman with the long ears in Detroit did strain a point on paper to show his readers how their crack team could win the pennant, but his theories were all blasted.

Can it be possible that the venerable gentleman is a double dealer. He tells the public that it is dead wrong and that they are fleeced, but at the same time gets away with their money.

Kilroy is the same little bundle of conceit that he was at the opening of the season. One would imagine that the pounding he received this season would have knocked some sense into him.

Projector Jackson, as usual, has caught on big. He is now the press agent for the American Institute. If he was to fall into the river he would come up with a gold watch in his hand.

Grace Pearce don't believe in back talk, and the man who indulges in this little unpleasantness generally gets it in the neck for from \$10 to \$50, according to the mood Mr. Pearce is in at the time.

That Western trip has knocked spots out of the fall trade. Just think of the New Yorks and Chicagos playing to two thousand people on the Polo Ground, when it should have been ten thousand.

Barnie is going to introduce a Chinese battery in the Baltimore team next season. He has engaged Ying-Ling to pitch and going to tie a pig tail on Mike Muldoon and put him behind the bat as Sing-Sing.

What is the matter with Ferguson? Is the gentleman sulking because he was fined for deserting the Philadelphia in Chicago? He may be fishing for his release, but he wants to be careful about his bait or he will catch a suspension.

Talk about web-footed ball-players, you just ought to see the Rochesterers run the bases. They are worse than a lot of drakes, as the latter manage to get there nine times out of ten, and that is about the proportion in which the Rochesterers get left.

Oh, that cruel Carlin. Carroll and Mann have each parted with their \$25 with a sigh, but under protest, as they think the fine was unconstitutional. Foolish youths they don't know the American Association. Once in the treasury it stays there.

Every paper you see has something to say about that surgical operation that Cox of the Lawrence Club underwent. There are a great many others in the business that would doubtless play better ball if they too underwent a surgical operation.

The New Yorks are trifling with a keen-edged sword, and before they can realize it they will be the horses' rosette, and the Staten Island people will have the patronage of the baseball public. If the Mets knock the Giants out in one or two games in the spring the jig will be up.

King of the St. Josephs has a great big swelled head. The Kansas Citys offered him \$200 per month. Mr. Bundle-of-Coin said he could not think of playing for less than \$400 per month. In another year he will not accept anything short of the presidency of the United States.

Hart had intended to take the Louisvilles to California this winter. Judging from the style in which they have played during the past few weeks it would be advisable for him to abandon the trip and keep the boys at home until they are at least able to beat one or two of the local amateurs.

It makes one tired to hear the Providence scribes trying to whoop up things for a ball club next season. That town is dead. Even the tramp cats are deserting the place for want of support. No, no, they must not talk baseball until some time in 1900, after the present supply of cranks, who imagine they are critics, are all weeded out.

An item is going the rounds that "Anson says most anybody would be an improvement on most of the present New York team." This we are inclined to set down as a barefaced lie, as Anson is entirely too level headed a man to be guilty of making a remark of this sort, especially after the New Yorks served him and his Chicago team up in two straight games on the bome stretch.

Baseball by and by will be more frequently in the courts than any other branch of business. It is only a matter of time until each club will have to employ more lawyers than they do players. Long-headed Johnny Ward and Jim O'Rourke were the first to tumble to the fact, and they both have been studying law for two years in order to have the monopoly of the business when they get too old to play ball.

The old man says the public were "taken in and done for," but that they would not be tricked again that way. He forgot to add, however, that he was one of the number who "tricked" them, and that he glutinously accepted his portion of the receipts. This does not look very honorable in the father of the game. When you rob a man's papa, take your chances, but do not cover your tracks by putting it on others.

This winter will be the liveliest that this country has ever known in baseball circles. Agents are now working up this personal contract business, and there will be a— to say before the winter is half over. It is diamond cut diamond, and the two big gobbling professional bodies will not only be at war with each other, but the clubs composing these two organizations will be fighting among themselves. A general smash up may be looked for, and the courts will be overflowing with baseball law suits.

Ridgewood has a police captain that would make a dandy umpire. If anybody disputed his decision he would go out of the grounds if it took a leg, and the fellow could feel highly honored if the captain showed him the courtesy of allowing his dead body to pass out through the gate, as it is his custom, after hammering the life out of a disturber, to take him by the heels and toss him over the fence into the street. The captain is so highly respected at Ridgewood Sunday games that he needs no assistance to preserve order, even though there be from five to ten thousand spectators present. When he takes hold of a man the fellow goes, and that is all there is about it, and it makes one's blood fairly curdle to see the gentle persuasive power he uses.

Get on to the morals of the Brooklyn "Eagle" when they say: "The League team from New York played at Jersey City for twenty-five cents admission, and they play at Washington Park to-day and next Saturday at the same price, and why double the charges should be to see them play on the poorest field in the metropolitan district is a mystery." Such hypocrisy as this is too contemptible even for a sneak thief. Mystery, indeed. Yes, it must have been a mystery, when the very man who wrote the paragraph was the recipient of one-eighth of the receipts. If he wanted to disabuse the minds of the public, why did he not make a bold front and come out with the naked truth and acknowledge that it was a benefit game for the reporters, tendered to them by the players of the New York and Metropolitan Clubs, and not have tried to deceive the public by crying "wolf," thus shielding himself and letting all the blame rest on the shoulders of others.

This is how the Pittsburg "Dispatch" criticized the pitching of Bob Matthews: "A cold, cruel wind crept up the Allegheny River yesterday afternoon, and, turning up the side streets, swept athwart the ball grounds. A weak, infirm old man, with the stub ends of a silvery beard sticking out of his chin, and flowing white hair curling out from his tiny blue cap, hobbled over to a seat on the player's benches.

Age sat with decent grace upon his visage, And worthily became his silver locks; He wore the marks of many years well spent. Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience."

When the venerable patriarch shed his ulster and dropped his great horn-rimmed spectacles the crowd discovered that it was Bobby Matthews—a man who played ball when the Pyramids were building and when the great crumbling Sphinx, with its unutterable mysticism and majestic secrecy towered above the sand, a riddle easily read, a ball player who saw the first course of stone laid for the construction of Niagara Falls, and before whom has passed the vision of the world in its geological stages in imagery as gorgeous as the splendor of a tropic morn. The aged player laid down his logs—there was a harmonious conjunction and passage between the cold, cruel wind and the aforesaid stub ends—and he then walked out to the pitcher's box, and proceeded to mow down the Allegheny nurlings, for as a bath of corrosive sublimate is to the bed-bug so is Bobby Matthews to the home team. The Athletics won the game by a score of 6 to 2. Brown, Mann and Barkley were the only players that could hit the "little old man."

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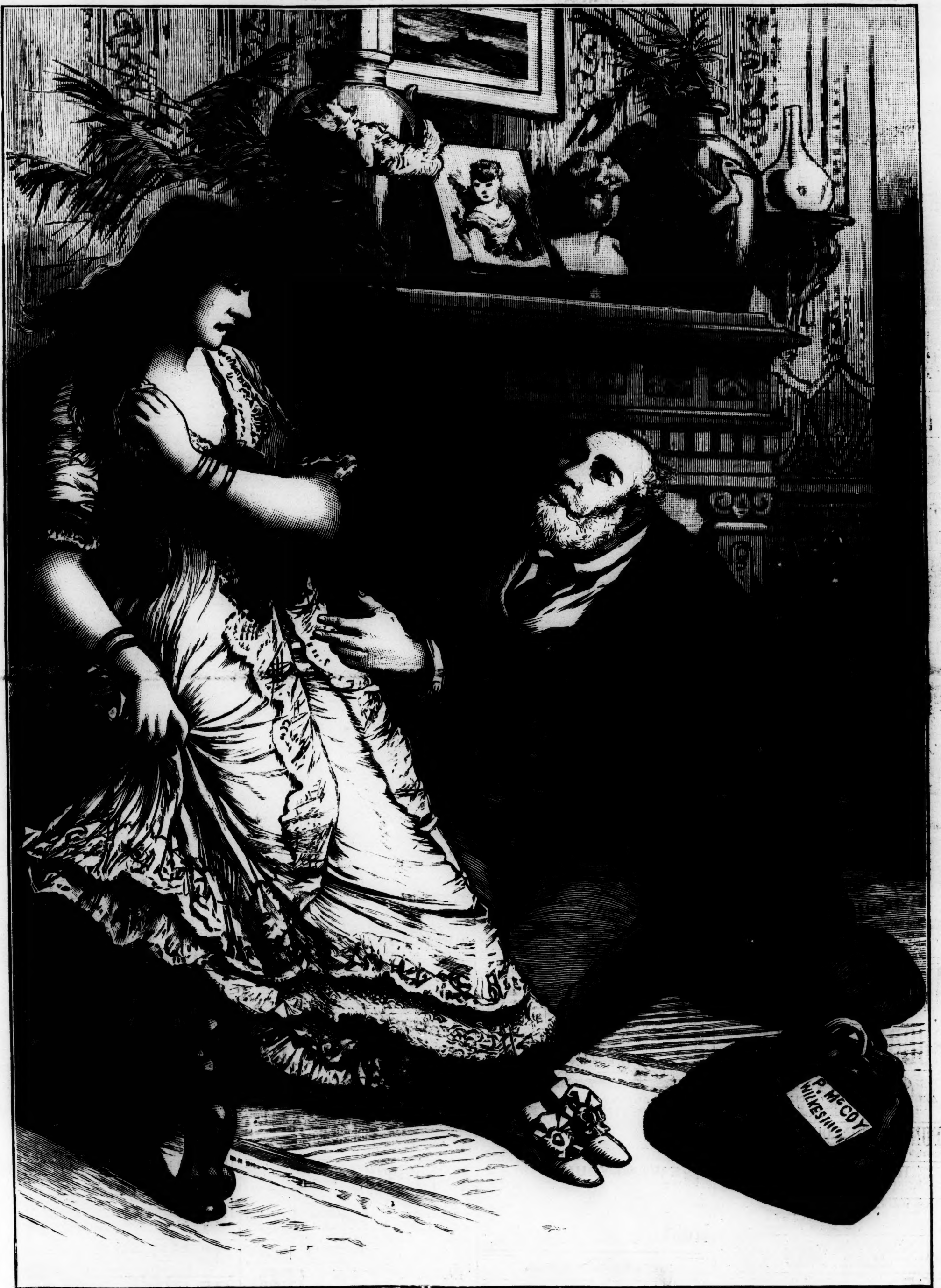
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